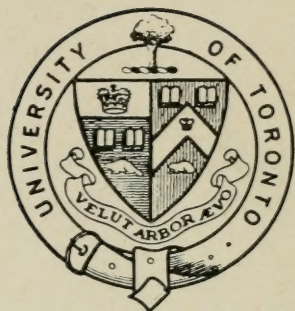


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*SELECTED POEMS*



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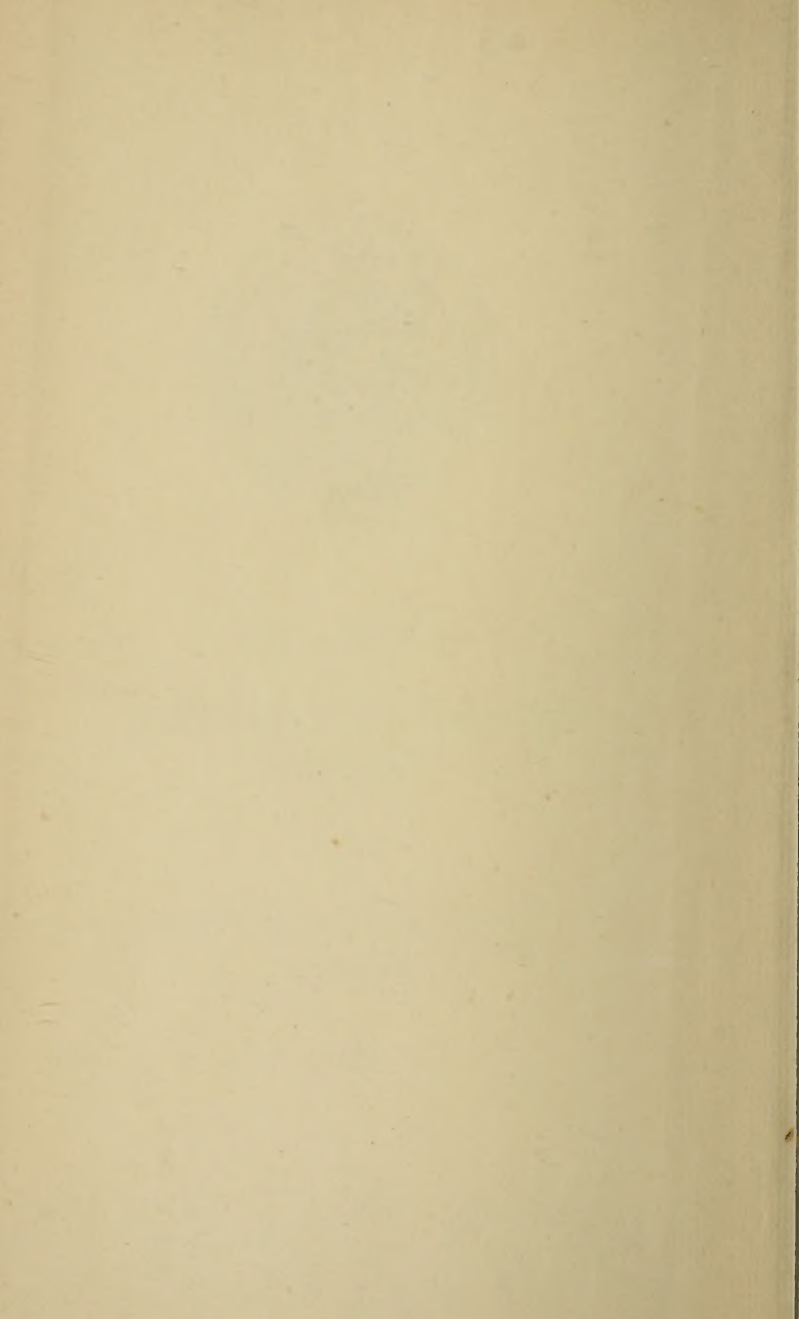
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# POEMS

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER & CO. LTD.  
DRYDEN HOUSE, 15, BEDFORD SQUARE, LONDON, W.

*VOLUMES OF POEMS BY THE  
SAME AUTHOR*

LYRICS.

THE KING'S LAST VIGIL.

THE FLOWER SELLER.

THE APOSTLE OF THE ARDENNES.

THE PRAYER OF ST. SCHOLASTICA.

A CHRISTMAS POSY.

FROM A VENETIAN BALCONY.

GODFREY'S QUEST.

POEMS OF LOVE AND DEATH.

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. LTD.

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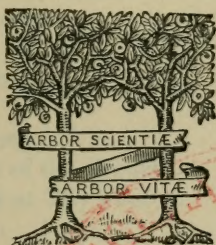
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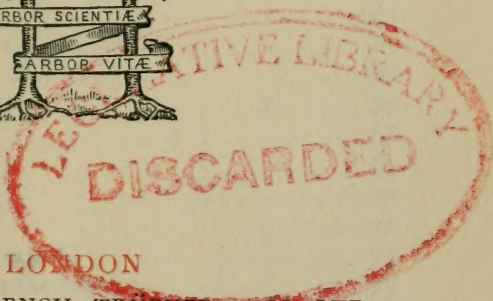


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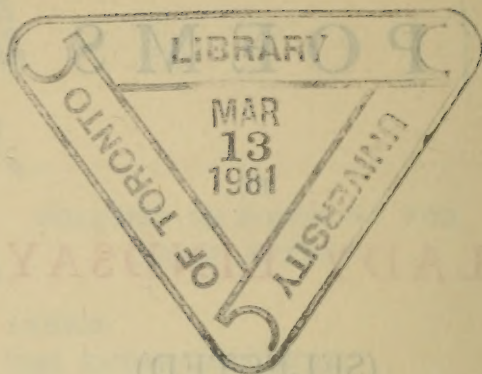
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## THE KING'S LAST VIGIL

THE Autumn mists upon the land  
Were greyly sad, low-lying ;  
And down the vale the people's moan,  
Like wind through reeds, was sighing,  
For in his marble palace hall  
Their great king lay a-dying.

Wise had he been and long of reign ;  
Beneath his worthy sway  
The country which he ruled was blest,  
More prosperous day by day ;  
The very slaves grew glad—but now  
The king a-dying lay.

About his silken canopy  
The courtiers closely press'd,  
And grizzled comrades, who, full oft,  
Had met the foe at breast  
Led on by him, now sobbed unshamed  
As weakly as the rest.



Yet spake he naught. He turned his face  
Toward the darkening wall.  
Pain lulled, but one sharp-bladed thought  
Held heart and soul in thrall ;  
His quivering senses sank, and fear  
Closed o'er him like a pall.

What ! had he met grim Death in field,  
Times countless, undismayed,  
And thrown the gauntlet of hot youth,  
Now for old age, afraid,  
To shrink back shuddering like a child  
That's frightened of a shade ?

At length he bade all leave him. Ne'er  
Could he a rebel brook ;  
Dead was he scarce ; this was his will—  
To be by all forsook.  
Each sadly went, but, as he pass'd,  
Gazed back with loving look.

Then did the lone king, as a sword,  
Take up in failing hand  
The strength that once was his, which now  
Dropt from his grasp like sand ;  
Alone he wrestled with gaunt fear,  
By that fear still unmann'd.

He sank back on his agate couch,  
His brows cold, wan, and wet.  
No help was nigh, and he, by Death  
More cruelly beset,  
For quarter cried no more, but lay  
Quite still, and fainter yet.

Silent the room was, drear, and chill,  
With twilight filling fast,  
But on a sudden that great fear  
From the king's soul quick pass'd ;  
'Twas as a garment which his soul  
From its nude form had cast.

A presence stood beside his bed,  
A presence of sweet birth :  
Our Lord the Christ—in robes of white,  
As when He walked the earth—  
Whose smile divine holds Life and Death,  
Alike, of transient worth.

Then mildly Christ spake : " Follow Me,"  
And silent rose the king,  
And, without fear, left bed and hall,  
And passed out marvelling.  
The busy streets were crowded full—  
It seemed a wondrous thing.

Beyond the palace, down the hill,  
And out the city gate ;  
(Strange that no man should bar the way  
With speech importunate !)  
The church-bells softly tolled the while.  
The Lord for naught did wait.

On went the shining figure, on  
By sentries unobserved ;  
So eke the king, with hasting step  
And strength that never swerved.  
Familiar lay the road—straight marked,  
And line of forest curved.

Behind them paled the frowning walls,  
The very town grew dim ;  
Still He that led the way kept on,  
The other followed Him ;  
At length they reached an unknown space,  
A broad green meadow's rim.

There in the mead among the grass  
Most lovely flowers grew,  
Beauteous in shape, in perfume steep'd,  
Transcendent fair of hue ;  
There amaranth and asphodel  
In deathless garland blew.

There stayed the Lord, and said and smiled :

“ These flow'rs that thou dost see,  
Each is an action good or kind,  
My servant, done for Me,  
While thou for a short space on earth  
Wast chosen king to be.”

But, as the king looked, bursting tears  
From his worn eyes down ran,  
And deep emotion shook his heart.

Alas ! in mortal span,  
How less had he achieved of good  
Than any other man !

Yet bent the Lord, and gently pluck'd  
From mossy green retreat  
One tiny blossom hid by leaves,  
One blossom at His feet,  
And in His bosom placed He it—  
That blossom pure and sweet.

Whilst, one by one, the meek king knew  
His deeds of bygone days ;  
Some, now least fair, which earned of yore  
Loud songs of fulsome praise,  
Some which no pæans graced, unshrined,  
Bright now as sunlight rays ;

And, most of all divinely blest  
The Christ's touch to have won,  
Yon flower, a puny secret act,  
Guessed, chronicled by none !  
Well he recalled how hard the fight,  
For right's sake, had been done !

So great a fight, so small a thing !  
He cast him on his knees,  
Shamed that it were such sacrifice  
The dear Lord Christ to please,  
And grievous tears which blurred his sight  
Hid the sweet flowers and leas.

The figure of his Lord grew dim :  
He would have clasped it fain.  
He stretched his hands, and groped, and sought,  
But stretched them all in vain :  
The fields were empty, and he cried  
With an exceeding pain.

But lo ! a mystic voice uprose  
Out from the windless west :  
" My son, if one poor act of thine  
Before thy God be blest,  
Surely this trembling faith thou own'st  
On His great strength may rest."



So stood the king, glad-browed. All fear  
Lost in new joy, he gazed  
Above, for dawn was breaking clear,  
And blinding mists were raised.  
With yearning lips deliverèd  
The Lord's high name he praised.

And, turning, saw where far behind—  
A huge cloud, fold on fold—  
Lay the gloomy vale of the shades of Death  
With its rivers around it rolled.  
Before him blossomed the heavenly plains,  
In glory of pearl and gold.

## TOLD IN THE ORCHARD

**I**N convent garden worked St. Dol ;  
Afeard of neither wind nor Sol—  
His fair hair blown to aureole.

From early dawn he planted, sowed,  
Swept, gathered, watered, delved, or hoed,  
Till carmine in the sunset glowed ;

Till vesper-bell from steeple grey  
Proclaimed the closing of the day,  
And bade all hearers pause and pray.

The youngest of the brethren all,  
Content, at each one's beck and call,  
He was beloved by great and small.

He wore an unseen saintliness,  
A robe of innocence, a dress  
Which angels—more than monks—possess.

And when he paced the flowery sod  
He smiled, as Enoch smiled who trod  
Primeval fields, and walked with God.

One day—it was at hot noontide—  
His spade full long St. Dol had plied—  
He cast his hooded cape aside.

He softly laid and spread it where  
The white boughs of a blossomed pear,  
Like ship's sails, stretched in balmy air.

Scarce had he done this, when a bird  
Among the leaves beside him stirr'd ;  
A tiny wren he saw and heard.

She sought a nest, she sought to find  
A sanctuary to please her mind,  
A haven from all rude touch shrin'd.

Here was a white and holy tree,  
A screen of blossom fair to see,  
A home as sweet as sweet might be.

And whiter seemed that snow-white hood  
Worn by God's saint most pure and good :  
This be her nest—let come what would.

She laid her egg, and knew no fear ;  
The gentle saint who stood so near,  
To him were all God's creatures dear.

He dropt him down on bended knee,  
To glorify the Lord that He  
Had bid the wren so fearless be.

That sweet bird sang without a dread,  
As from the raiment peeped her head.  
Untouched they left her self-sought bed—

And there, unhurt, she bred her young,  
The smiling awe-struck monks among.  
The legend flew from tongue to tongue

Through every nook of Normandy.  
And all who could came forth to see :  
The hooded cape, the fruited tree.

## ORA ET LABORA

IN the great desert, as he prayed  
Long hours beneath a palm-tree's shade,  
Weary of mind and body grew  
Saint Anthony.

His lips still muttered words, but drew  
Vain breath, being so faintly fraught  
With tender grace and peace, or aught  
Of piety.

Then mournèd he, because for him  
Hope seemed to fade, and faith wax dim,  
And, as he knelt, he beat his breast,  
And sore he wept.

But, lifting up his eyes distress,  
He spied an angel, robed in white,  
And radiant as the noontide light,  
Who to him stept,



And bent, a rusty spade to raise,  
So delved, yet paused to sing in praise,  
And delved again, next sang anew—  
Thus through the day.

Then quoth : “ See that thou likewise do,  
And, as I am, be joyful now.  
In God’s field, sometimes labour thou  
And sometimes pray.”

## GERASIMUS AND THE LION

**A** LONG the barren shore—where tracts of sand  
Shelve down unto the Jordan's sullen flow,  
As t'ward the grey Dead Sea the waters go—  
From sacred errand on his homeward way,  
Gerasimus the Abbot sped one day.

Now, as he went, behold ! he sudden met  
A lion, limping sore. In qualm of fear  
The abbot stood. The beast drew moaning near,  
With upheld paw, wherein a splinter keen,  
That sharply tore the flesh, was plainly seen.

Low stooped the father ; tenderly he plucked  
That piercing reed ; next, gently bathed the place.  
The lion licked his fingers as for grace ;  
Then, in new master's following, close kept,  
While homeward once again the abbot stept.

Amid the monks, in peace, the wild thing dwelt,  
Well fed each morn, within the cloister gate,  
By one dear hand, gracious, compassionate ;  
And so, of all he chose to serve and fend  
Accounted brother, playmate, slave, and friend.

Then soon the ass, that bore the water-skins  
From river brink to high-camped monastere,  
Was pastured in the lion's trust, for fear  
Of thieves. Yet once the guardian truant played :  
A camel-driver, passing nigh, waylaid

And dragged the ass away. The lion, sad  
For self-reproach, crouched at the abbot's feet.  
Quoth the good father : " Didst thou slay? then  
eat ?

Be thine thy victim's toil, and henceforth speed  
Each morn to fetch clear water for our need."

Days went. At length, the lion, bearing load,  
Chanced to behold that thieving Arab pass  
Driving his beasts, and, last of all, the ass.  
The lion roared, the man, affrighted, fled,  
And ass and camels home the lion led ;

There, dumb and meek, the noble creature gave  
The halter that he held, as though to say :  
“Behold my charge ! Forgive me now, I pray.”  
From servile labour was he thenceforth freed—  
The ass fetched water for the brethren’s need.

Five years rolled by. Beneath the shadowy palms,  
The monks worked, delved, and sang in prayer or  
praise,  
And, all the while, the lion went his ways,  
Loving and loved—their pleasure and their pride.  
Then, after five sweet years, the abbot died.

Gerasimus died thus : a burning noon—  
A few swift pains—an old man’s parting sigh—  
A vision of God’s heaven—what is’t to die ?  
To reach the goal you’ve yearned for many a year.  
Gerasimus lay low on funeral bier.

The lion was abroad. When he returned  
He missed the form he loved, and, faint, would  
roam  
About the paths of that monastic home,  
From dawn to dusk, and by the cloister gate,  
Restless and sorrowful, he lingered late.

“Jordan,” (so was he called,) Sabbatius cried—  
One of the dead saint’s brethren : “Jordan, hear !  
Come now, dear lion, to my rede give ear ;  
Our father left us for a holier land.  
Eat, here is food—come, take it from my hand.”

The lion would not eat ; he moaned in grief,  
And ever sought the old man gone to rest.  
By all the brethren was he much caressed ;  
Last, once again Abbot Sabbatius spake :  
“See, then, his tomb—he sleeps—he cannot wake.”

Thereby the pious father knelt and wept ;  
Which, when the lion saw, he forthwith lay,  
With limbs stretched on the sand, the livelong day  
Guarding the tomb, and yet a day again,  
And yet again, in bitter grief and pain.

Naught would he take of food, nor leave the spot  
Uncomforted, he fed on grief alone,  
And none durst touch him. Feebler grew his  
moan—

Till, with the third day, passed from out his frame  
The heart of one that was a beast in name.



## THE MARTYRS OF SEBASTE

Date about A.D. 320. The Emperor Licinius published an edict commanding the Christians, on pain of death, to abandon their religion. Forty brave young soldiers of the Thundering Legion, having refused to sacrifice to idols, were sentenced to be exposed naked through the bitter winter night on the ice of a lake, a fire and warm bath being prepared hard-by for temptation.

FORTY valiant soldiers,  
Martyrs of Sebaste,  
Forty noble heroes  
Of the Thundering Legion,  
Young and brave ; for martial weal  
True as steel.

Forty fearless Christians,  
Ne'er a one among them  
Who to pagan idols  
Stooped and rendered homage ;  
Ne'er a one but shaped his course  
By the Cross.

Crowded close in prison,  
As the darkness deepened,  
Sang they : " Under shadow  
Of our God abiding ;"  
Spake the Lord Christ through their song :  
" Be ye strong !"

Then uprose young Cyrio :  
" Us hath God united,  
Brethren in communion  
Of our Faith and Warfare.  
Pray that we together see  
Victory !"

Scarce seven days thereafter,  
This the martyrs' sentence :  
" Naked, frozen, shall they  
Through the wintry night-time  
Stand, till on yon ice-bound lake  
Death o'ertake."

Some may Death let linger,  
Some he grasps more roughly ;  
All the while a shelter—

Warmth, and food, and comfort—  
Tempts the bravest to forswear  
Palm and prayer.

Just one spark irradiate  
Beckoning through the darkness :  
Lamps and ruddy embers,  
Breathing scent of spices.  
Outside, torture fierce or slow  
In the snow.

“Lord, bless now our number !  
Forty days stayed Moses  
On the holy mountain ;  
Forty days Thou gavest  
To uphold Elijah,  
And to Nineveh, for grace,  
This same space.

“Forty days of fasting,  
Forty hours of burial—  
Those were Thine, O Saviour !  
Now, Thy forty wrestlers  
To the arena enter in :  
Let them win !”

By the red logs sleeping,  
Yonder dreamed a warder—  
Dreamed that to the chanting  
Drew an answering angel,  
Bearing, while he floated down,  
One bright crown.

Yet another brought he,  
Nay, a third, and many—  
Coronals most radiant,  
Flushed as wings of cherubs ;  
On his arm those circlets shine—  
Thirty-nine.

Shall the strong hearts falter ?  
Yea, just one—one only.  
Unnerved, languid, fainting,  
He has sought the shelter.  
All the rest with dying voice  
Loud rejoice.

But the dreamer, waking,  
Christ his King confesses,  
Martyrdom embracing

For the rite baptismal.  
So the fortieth of the band  
Yet shall stand.

“What though one hath fallen?  
I am here, to barter  
Our poor world of phantasm  
For a truer glory.  
Mine the crown, since mine the death!”  
Thus he saith.

Where is now thy splendour,  
Where thy power, Licinius?  
Lord of Cappadocia,  
Yet so poor a tyrant,  
Conquered by the unweaponed arm  
Thou wouldst harm?

Dawned the sombre morning  
O'er those deadly snow-fields.  
Here and there a victim,  
Faint of breath, still murmured :  
“From the snare our souls shall be  
'Scaped and free.”

Ah ! by cruel order  
See the stark limbs broken !  
With the dead, the dying  
Must be heaped and carried,  
'Mid the fierce funereal fire  
To expire.

Melithon, the bright-haired,  
Of that band the youngest,  
Wounded lay, and crippled—  
Life robust slow ebbing.  
Thus his mother found the lad.  
Yet was glad.

“ Dear my boy, heart's darling !  
God, Who gave thee, takes thee.  
Thou to Christ art yielding  
All sweet youth and promise.  
Blest am I, that own for son  
Such an one.”

In her arms, most tender,  
Did she raise and clasp him ;  
For her dear sake smiled he,



Laid upon her bosom,  
While the farewell moments grew  
Quick and few.

To the flames they threw him,  
With the burning bodies  
Of his martyred comrades  
Stacked around for fuel.  
Thus the Forty entered in,  
Life to win !

## THE FLOWER SELLER

A GALA day ! On this thrice glorious day  
He should return, the young king, to his own  
The city, banner-drest—by wreaths made gay  
As are fair brides, or garden plots rich grown  
For Phœbus—decked with silk her walls of stone,  
O'erflowing in each open court or street  
With folks of happy look and eager feet.

The war was ended ; healed the gaping wound  
That wept alike man's blood and woman's tears ;  
A new bright cycle this, with joyance mooned,  
And grace, and plenty ; pass'd and gone sad  
years,  
Therefore forgot ; forgot all pains and fears.  
Peace waved her wand, and, at her sweet  
command,  
Hope and Content came gladly, hand in hand.

Now while, within an ample market-place,  
The wealthy burghers and my lord the mayor,  
Collared and robed, awaited, grave of face,  
Their earliest mounted messenger who'd bear  
News of a near approach, or conned with care  
Th' illuminated scroll that prayed the king  
From loyal kingdom take warm welcoming :

Out to the meadows, where the road lay white  
'Twixt fragrant limes, the joyous people went ;  
And every vantage place, on left or right,  
Was quickly seized and held, the green boughs  
bent

By jealous grasp. Yet some ran far, intent  
They'd be the first the coming show to meet,  
The first that homing warrior-band to greet.

From every steeple clanged quick gladsome bells,  
And answering chimes sped softly o'er the plain,  
As if in echo ; so a lover tells  
His mistress that she knows, till she be fain  
In turn to falter back such tender strain.  
Then, as the grateful world to sanctify,  
The sky grew clear, the sun blazed bright on high.

Still from each gate the hurrying people poured ;  
Gay as the rampart flags their festive dress.  
Across the moat all drawbridges lay lowered,  
On every chain and beam a mighty stress.  
Red gleamed the roofs and towers numberless  
Capping yon ancient walls, and twinkling eyes  
Of narrow casements mirrored back blue skies.

Hark ! for already creeps to straining ears  
A murmur faint, so faint, so vague, so far,  
Scarce may it be discerned. Nay, nay, it nears.  
A white streak mounts th' horizon, like a star  
That lifts to dawn. And, as on harbour bar  
Sea-tides inflowing moan, the broad fields ring  
With a fast-gathered cry : " The king ! The king ! "

Yea, from the dust-white cloud that, rolling, spread,  
All tremulous-specked of steel and steeds and men  
And tattered blood-like standards borne o'er-  
head—

With fitful music, bursting now and then  
To wildest jubilation, next quelled as when  
We mourn dead brothers—slowly drawing near,  
Did that victorious host at length appear.

Not yet distinguishable. Troop on troop,  
In glittering line (as though a sword were laid  
Down the straight road) loomed closer, but no group  
Clearly detached, only the king, arrayed  
In armour flashing gold, great radiance made,  
(As 'twere the hilt,) with princes at his side,  
And jewelled shields and panoply of pride.

The brave young king, mounted on milk-white steed,  
His gilded helm swathed with a knot of bay—  
Leader of men, right worthy proved to lead,  
Yet by a boyish gladness ruled to-day ;  
And, thronging close, on this triumphal way,  
As many a time in fierce and famous fights,  
His company of wan and war-stained knights.

Down, down upon their path green laurels rain,  
And roses red ; these Love, those Victory.  
What matter wound or scar, or gory stain,  
Or toilsome march, to such as hear the cry  
Of long-lost wife and child? The crowds press  
nigh,  
And drown the drums with joy of voice or hand.  
The king pulls rein and smiles ; his horse must  
stand.

High from the city wall soars trumpet blast,  
And *feux de joie* peal thunder from broad towers,  
O'er-clamouring noisy belfries whence are cast  
Hailstones or snows of fair and perfumed flowers,  
That strike the surging multitude in showers,  
While kerchiefs, with girls' arms for flag-staffs,  
    wave,  
And boys shout loud huzzas to cheer the brave.

Then, as the king, not far now from the gate,  
Raised his pleased eyes the merry sight to see,  
Lo, distant scarce a yard—in meanest state—  
A slender maid gazed from an apple-tree,  
And caught his glance with hers—'mid green  
    boughs, she  
Sat perched, half-hid ; her silver feet hung bare ;  
Her rags ill matched the glory of her hair.

She smiled, and, as he looked, so also smiled  
The king ; for she was bright and fair as day,  
Large-eyed, most beautiful— a winsome child.  
Then threw she down in haste and pretty play  
A wealth of buds. But he rode on his way,  
Indifferent, and nor turned, nor looked again,  
But passed from sight amid his gorgeous train.



Swift dropt she from the branch as might a bird,  
Most light, that cares not to unfold its wings ;  
And one long sigh she gave, but ne'er a word,  
And stood with shading hand, strange marvellings  
Brimming her eyes beneath the dusky rings  
That crowned her brow, till onward she was borne  
By hurrying crowds which rocked like swaying  
corn.

None cared for her, though many knew the child.  
A flower-seller—but she'd wasted all  
Her wares, forsooth ! Gaily the army filed,  
Fast threading, riband-wise, the gateway tall,  
So stormed the town, with townsfolk great and small  
Crushing close after. Thus the day wore by,  
And the red sun dropt westward in the sky.

Then stillness fell upon the meadows grey,  
And the brown walls loomed dark as though nor  
light,  
Nor merriment, nor joy, within them lay  
To greet with torch and dance the summer night.  
Then every tender thing that for affright  
Had hid, or fled in unknown wilds to roam,  
Came softly back to seek its former home.

So through the gloom, from out some shadowy nook  
That the broad ramparts gave of murky mist,  
There crept a barefoot girl with furtive look,  
Whose rippling locks her slender shoulders kissed ;  
An empty basket swung upon her wrist ;  
Empty her hands—the meanest coin unearned,  
And naught of food for lips that fevered burned.

She sought the shelter of the poorest street—  
To-night a desert—onward hasted sore,  
Wild, spirit-like, with eager gliding feet,  
Until she reached her goal—then pushed the door,  
And, dreamful still, a-trembling, stood before  
Her sisters twain, her mouth with strange smile set,  
As though thereon the sunlight lingered yet.

“ Well come, and what hast seen ? ” One wrought  
a plait

Of straw that grew apace beneath her hand,  
While by a circling wheel the other sat,  
And from the spindle drew soft flaxen strand,  
Turned soon to gleaming thread at her command.

“ Say, Brunhild, what hast seen ? what news dost  
bring ?

Wags the world yet ? ” “ Nay, I have seen the king.”

"Ay, ay, the king—the rumour is he's young.  
Tell us how tall, how short ; red, dark, or fair ?  
Old Anna came to chat—thou know'st her tongue—  
She much extolled his gracious princely air,  
Yet gave of praise the very fullest share  
To gilt-mouthed trumpeters ! But come child, draw  
Thy pocket ; where's thy gain?"—"The king I saw."

Her elders laughed. "Good luck to those grey  
eyes !

*I* had no time—not *I*—to seek the show."

"Nor *I*—to-morrow at day dawn we'll rise,  
And with our humble wares to market go."

Thus spake they wrathfully, so she should know—  
That youngest one—harm lurks in loitering.  
Yet stood she mute, then sighed : "I love the king."

Thereon she fled away to loneliness,  
By laughter chased as though by stinging whips,  
And reached a scarce-used loft where none might  
guess

To find her lying low, with moaning lips,  
Sunk safe in store of hay and dusty chips,  
While bats swung 'mid the rafters overhead,  
And darkness, for cool counterpane, was spread.

But from yon fatal hour her aching sight  
Strained at an idle vision—poor fond maid,  
Who saw the king ride on, by day, by night,  
In clanking harness wondrously arrayed !  
On her young soul some spell was surely laid ;  
Full oft he glanced (she deemed) with laughing  
    look,  
And peace and joy forthwith her heart forsook.

Last grew she sick. She haunted all the ways  
Where he might pass, not daring draw o’ernear ;  
She shrined the palace in a reverent gaze—  
Her choicest flowers unsold—yet fled for fear  
When heralds’ greeting told her listening ear :  
“ He comes, he comes, the king ! ” So mighty he !  
A beggar maid, his poorest vassal, she !

Now for thanksgiving should the court attend  
Beneath the great cathedral’s misty dome,  
In state, with warrior chiefs, the knee to bend  
Because that these victorious reached their home,  
Nor in strange land for battle-quest need roam ;  
So should the wide Te Deum’s solemn note  
From human voice and deep-toned organ float.

All were held free to see the sight who willed,  
The town once more pranked out for holiday.  
Quoth Brunhild : " On the bridge I'll stand," and  
filled  
Her pannier with rich blooms : carnations gay,  
Roses, and flower de luce, and orange spray.  
The perfume sweet so strongly touched her  
brain,  
'Twas half a pleasure, half a madding pain.

She fell to singing snatches of weird tune ;  
Next, like a merry wild goat, skipped a space ;  
Nodded to one, or told some grandame's rune ;  
Beckoned another, smiles upon her face,  
Peeping 'twixt posies in her youth and grace ;  
Yet ne'er bestowed a leaf. " Nay, nay," she said,  
And went her way with proud uplifted head.

Upon the bridge she stayed her steps, and found  
Cool sheltered rest from mid-day heat of sun,  
There, where a quaint-walled house cast shade  
around ;  
For on those ancient piles stood many a one,  
With low-browed shops whose trade was briskly  
done

That day, when coral, seed pearl, fine-chased gold,  
And glass-cut beads and garnet strings were sold.

Below the bridge the restless river ran,  
Not yet by summer parched on stony bed,  
But flowing, rushing, as the life of man,  
(Thought Brunhild) or perchance as Fate more  
dread,  
More chill, and with relentless message sped  
T'ward dark stone arches, carrying on its way  
All straws and drifts that would such strength essay.

So stood the child until her heart grew faint,  
Her set lips wan—o'erhead her garlands raised  
Lest they too droop—a young and gentle saint  
By unseen angels crowned. Yet was she crazed  
(The passers said, while on her rags they gazed),  
That bartered not for coin, at buyer's call,  
The perfume of a rose ephemeral.

For 'mong the rest came many an eager swain  
To seek a flaunting posy for his dear,  
Or one choice gilly-blossom bud which fain  
He'd tilt with jaunty grace behind his ear.  
Good Sir, in vain ! no reason will she hear.



"All, all is sold," she cries, nor whispers how  
Her blooms were picked the dusty path to strow.

Ay, when the king shall pass, his charger's feet  
May trample freely, treading down a gift  
Most honoured thus, while hers be triumph sweet ;  
For then his gracious eyes he'll surely lift  
With radiant glance, as when bright sunbeams rift  
Dull clouds ; then, quick alight in glad desire,  
Her soul must kindle his with answering fire.

She waits. Anon the herald army comes ;  
Scarce dare she gaze as men and steeds draw nigh.  
Her pulses throb in measure with the drums,  
Red as the bannered silk her cheeks flame high.  
Weak in the jostling throng she reels ; she'll die !  
Yet seeks the parapet with trembling knees,  
And climbs, swings high her wreaths aloft, and  
sees.

Yea, sees—the king in velvet robes that gleam  
With sheen of jewels bright as are his smiles ;  
And satin scarves wave out, and ribands stream,  
To grace the peaceful pageant that beguiles  
This happy folk to idleness through miles

Of flowering land, while from the joyous rout  
Peals many a cheer and glad triumphal shout.

And by him, close on his right hand, behold  
A beauteous lady riding, clothed in white,  
Whose snowy palfrey, bridled with pure gold,  
Keeps pace with that brave charger, steel bedight,  
Whence bends the king, smiling in new delight  
Toward the lovely damsel at his side—  
His chosen queen, his fair affianced bride !

Swift ran the turbid river, and thus fast  
On swept the shouting serried multitude  
In wake of royal pageantry, that passed,  
As by a mighty swarm of bees pursued,  
Unto yon vast grey dome crowned with God's  
    rood ;

Then loud huzzas died out on the warm air,  
And o'er the crowd fell the soft cloak of prayer.

The bridge is left a desert path of stone ;  
Forsaken its gay booths and vantage towers.  
Yet, in a shadowy nook, grief-struck and lone,  
With arms still lifted to her pile of flowers,  
A childish form against the grey wall cowers.

Sudden she rises, angered, pale as death,  
And flings her burthen to the swirl beneath.

Ay, let them die, the senseless petalled things !  
Roses sharp-thorned, crushed bells, and sickly  
bloom !

Some quick engulfed, and some, with painted wings,  
Still floating ere they yield to watery tomb ;  
But all like idle hopes—that erst would loom  
Perfumed, well-nurtured, on a phantom tree—  
By grief now smitten to obscurity.

Yea, as she were herself but one of these,  
Brunhild waged war with her heart's grief no more.  
She lay in narrow bed, sick, ill at ease,  
Heedless of all who passed or pushed the door,  
Of sun or shadow slanting on the floor,  
Of Time himself—for Time is Life and Light ;  
To her strained eyes the whole sad world was  
Night.

While, as she grew more weak, her mind dis-  
traught  
Made her lips garrulous, and oft she cried :  
“ I love the king,” and thus in fever taught

Her madness to the sisters at her side.

They, with chilled heart, sought from all folk to  
hide

What seemed in truth a sore and shameful  
thing—

Still, she, unwitting, wailed : “ I love the king.”

Then, as to please her, spake the second. “ Dear,  
A-hawking goes our liege to-morrow morn,  
With him the princess ; they must pass anear,  
Threading the west gate, so to thee’ll be borne  
Some merry echoes of the hunting horn.”

Whereat the child turned in her lowly bed,  
Stretched her thin hands and raised her weary  
head.

And prayed : “ If e’er ye loved me, listen now.  
My pleading’s not for long. Yon is green grass—  
The very thought nigh cools my burning brow—  
Without the gate—there where the king shall  
pass,

My limbs are weak to walk or stand, alas !

In pity carry me to that fair spot.

I fain would see him, though he knows me not.”

“Nay, nay,” the answer came. She wept full sore,  
And wrung her hands—a piteous sight to see—  
Might she but gaze upon his face once more !  
Till spake that gentler sister : “Child, let be !  
Pray heaven no harm thereof may come to thee.  
Weep not ; methinks our mother feels thy tears,  
Though she has lain in grave these many years.”

They wrapt her in a mantle grey and long—  
Their mother’s gear—and bore her to the place.  
But, when she came the gay-drest folk among,  
A wraith she seemed, with weird unearthly face,  
And all forbore to press, so gave her space,  
Or, pitiful, sighed out : “Alack, dear heart,”  
Seeing where faint and wan she lay apart.

One sister turned—her soul o’ergrieved and proud ;  
But she—the younger—crouched, and on her  
knee  
Pillowed the child, heedless of place or crowd,  
Till—when the loud horns rang, and all could see  
The falconers in their greenwood livery  
Spring from the drawbridge, and the royal pair,  
In green arrayed, with hawk on wrist, most fair—

Low whispered Brunhild: "Leave me now and run."

"But whither?" "To the king! Woe's me, I'm  
blind,

A cold mist creeps betwixt me and the sun."

Soft was the brown-tress'd head laid down, and kind

And swift that other sped, no glance behind,

Nor pause till she the highway's breadth might  
gain ;

Then reckless stood, and bade the king draw rein.

Rough hands were on her shoulder, but he leant

From saddle-bow and spake in quick amaze—

Not wrath—so told she trembling her intent :

"My sister dies ; that thou wouldst come she prays."

The courtiers laughed in scorn, with mocking gaze,

While he, the king, still wondering, stared toward

The dusky figure stretched on grassy sward.

A shadowy thing—from which the people shrank

In some strange fear, yet more through reverence ;

A spirit form—whose face most white and dank

Drooped like a storm-dashed flower of innocence.

The princess looked ; her pity grew intense.

"Dismount we," so she prayed ; "a king's decreed

For servant to his poorest serf in need."



"Yea, sweet one, at thy will," her knight replied.  
Thus hand in hand, alone, afoot they trod  
The grassy bank, and silent stood beside  
That childish grey-clad palmer on the sod  
Dropt weary, ere she travelled home to God.  
Low bent the princess, lifting her ; but she  
With hungered straining eyes the king would see.

Therein the royal maid read store of pain,  
That brought from her own eyes a gushing spring.  
Quick asked she : "Where hast seen her?" But in  
vain

Ransacking mind and memory, sought the king,  
With puckered brows, perplexed—he could not  
wring

From life's remembrance aught, and yet a gleam—  
A girl's bright face—flit past him as in dream.

Certès a phantom—some gay laughing elf,  
Twin mould evoked—nay, but if *that* were ghost,  
What should *this* be, this semblance of herself,  
A pallid sheath which life too soon had crost  
By chill, as many a tender leaf is lost?

"I know not," quoth the king in whisper low,  
"Haply I saw her once—would I might know!"

Thereat the princess took his twain clasp'd hands  
In gentle wise, though forceful, drew and laid  
Them under Brunhild's fainting head for bands  
That pillowed and held fast the slender maid.  
So for one quick-lived instant, unafraid,  
The craving eyes on longed-for goal reposed—  
And after, weary of this sad world, closed.

While round about, most strangely hushed, the  
crowd,  
With silence pregnant more than noisiest sound,  
Fuller of speech than shouts or wailings loud,  
For that sweet spirit made lament profound.  
The very babes grew mute, the birds spellbound.  
Yea, quivering leaves upon the bushes stilled,  
And overhead dull mist the azure filled.

Then, in grave reverence, bowed the king his knee,  
As from strong grasp his burthen seemed to fade  
And sink to earth, and, with right hand set free,  
He doffed his rich plumed cap beside the maid.  
So likewise knelt his bride and weeping prayed.  
And lo ! all people knelt, with bated breath,  
For presence of the mightiest monarch—Death.

## THE PRAYER OF ST. SCHOLASTICA

(St. Benedict and his twin sister, Scholastica, were bound to each other by great and life-long affection. Nevertheless, only once a year did they meet on the hillside, halfway between their respective convents, to exchange pious thoughts and sup together. Upon the last occasion of their meeting, Scholastica, saddened by presentiment, pleaded sorely for some lengthening of the allotted time. "And when she sawe that he wold not graunte to her to abyde, she enclyned her head and made her prayers to our Lord, and anon it began to thonder and to lyghtne, and the ayer to wax dark whyche to fore was fayr and clere. . . .")

"**B**ROTHER, o'ersoon has rung this parting  
hour !

My fettered heart beats wild wings passionate.  
Meseems I yearn to-day for grievous need  
That thou should'st bide with me, that unto heaven  
Should rise our prayers in unison, as when  
We puny babes, whose birth was counted one,  
Nursed at the self-same breast, and cradled thus,  
Were taught to lisp for one fond mother's ear.  
May not sweet incense at one altar burn

From out two censers closely swayed together ?  
Likewise, twin blossoms, bursting from one branch,  
In bud, or grown mature, together oft  
Are laid for offering white on God's own table.  
Bide with me now—I cannot let thee hence ! ”

Thus spake Scholastica, and laid her palm  
On Benedict's chill hand with pleading touch,  
And scanned his face austere, and, wistful, sighed  
As one that doth behold a ship slide out  
Beyond the harbour's narrowness, well-witting  
Yon outspread sail bears all the world away,  
Yet never shall again bring back the world ;  
Then further spake, and through her voice there  
wailed

A tremulous undertone, like to those strings  
Of some rare viol, which, themselves untouched,  
Vibrate beneath, and sweeten all the chords :

“ To-day, this day most tender and serene,  
When Winter's mask foretells the coming Spring,  
While droops the earth, like to a tired child  
Within the arms of Evening, that calm nurse  
Who croons in monotone her lullaby :  
To-day pale memories throng to upward light

From out the dusky pictures wrought of years.  
Myself I see, with infant step advancing  
Thee to o’ertake—thou wert the swifter one.  
Next must I spell thy name and con thy book.  
Thy strong arm leads me to our mutual goal ;  
Thou my companion, mirror, friend and king !  
With thee I turn aside from worldly lure,  
Bringing my youth as pledge to Christ the Lord  
Beside thine own far richer offering—  
For, like the sun, thou draw’st in eagerness  
The perfume of a lowly violet  
That, failing thee, scant fragrance had exhaled.  
Then bear with me, if but a little space.  
I pray thee, dear my brother, rest awhile.  
My soul grows ominous with lurid clouds  
Of doubt and dread—I cannot part from thee !”

Slowly his answer came :

“ The hour is gone.

Keep thou lone vigil ; here I may not tarry  
For rest or counsel mild. The brethren watch  
About our unbarred gateway till I come,  
Nor turn to sleep ere I have bless’d the house.  
Yea, graver claims than thine constrain me now.  
Forswear thy memories ; bid thy faith wax strong !

What though a year pass ere again we meet ?  
'Tis but a pebble flung and quickly lost  
In the great ocean of Eternity.  
Fix thou thy thought, not on the pebble's course  
But toward the lines of that unfathomed main.  
Ask no more, sister."

Urgent pleaded she :

" Long, long the time since at this humble board  
We twain have sat, hands clasped, our frugal fare  
Enriched with holy converse as with wine.  
One day each year ! One speck of jewelled ore  
From the year's cavern, broad and rocky-built—  
No pebble. O one little little day !  
Poor day that dies more quickly than our speech,  
Whose minutes trip each other up in haste,  
Though we're so fain to hold and cage them in.  
Nay, haply shall some dread disaster fall,  
So nevermore I'll see thee face to face.  
Right tenderly thy briar bushes yonder  
Lace near and twine ! But, drag the boughs apart  
They break at touch, nor lightly thrive again."

Unyielding sat the abbot Benedict :

" Scholastica, are we yet babes to cling



A-trembling at the forest fringe, in dread  
Of elf or ghost? Yea, doubts and fears there be,  
That, like to fays, besiege the noblest minds,  
And vex their loneliness. These exorcise  
By weapon of the Cross! Farewell. Now see:  
The red sun drops behind the dusky hills,  
And nightly dew rises from our sombre vale.  
Farewell, belovèd—for belov'd thou art,  
Dearer to me than all this world can hold,  
Dearer than wealth, or power, or fame, or strength."

Then quickly she :

“Farewell? The word's a wound,  
An arrow winging death to one sad heart,  
Sparing all others.”

With that taunt she wept,  
And, bending toward the table, lowly laid  
On trembling hands her wan and veiled head,  
And brake to sobs, so sorely and so loud,  
The flooded pain with echoing pain throbbed out  
Until the quiet air seemed filled with spasm  
And searing anguish of tempestuous grief,  
While passion shook the slender frame that swayed,  
And all her being ached for bitterness.



Then of a sudden rose her frenzied voice  
In one great cry to God, Who hears our prayers  
Though men be deaf :

“ Help, help me, Lord, in grace !  
Thou King of joy and sorrow, spare my soul !  
O Christ, that tastedst human pangs and pain,  
Yet with divine compassion heal'st our woes,  
Stretch out thine arm to save—lift, lift me up,  
For this my cross outweighs my fainting strength !  
Help, Lord, I perish ! ”

Lo ! she scarce had prayed,  
Ere the red sunset faded into gloom.  
The vale was hid, the murky land grew swarth ;  
All blurred the hills, by wreathing vapour wrapt.  
Then, from swift-darkening heaven, redundant  
clouds  
Burst and o'erflowed, in running torrents merged.  
Quick drew the storm, with hissing sobbing breath,  
While jagged forks of lightning here and there  
Revealed such tortuous battlements of earth  
As Nature builds beneath her loftier heights.  
Next, thunder rolled out angry moans of pain,  
Themselves repeated and foretold in turn.

The affrighted cattle shivered in the chill,  
And birds, like autumn leaves, were flung to  
earth,

'Twixt gleams of blueness, on the gusty wind.

"What, sister, hast thou done?" cried Benedict.

"Close as a prison wall the sheeted rain  
Bars from my straining sight all homeward track,  
And darkness shrouds the gulfs and crags alike."

"Behold God's hand!" the exulting nun replied.  
"God answers yea when thou wouldst say me nay.  
With mercy, more than thine, He lists my call.  
Here must thou bide, and pray with me to-night.  
I cry amen unto the gathered storm,  
Amen to crash and throe, and tempest roar!  
Mocked was my pleading; hark to God's own  
voice,  
Sonorous through the anthem of His spheres!  
My brother, kneel! As little children, we  
Lift hands across this darkness to our Lord;  
Yet loose we not each other."

"So be it,"

Quoth Benedict. "Man's pride is but a straw

D

Which the great winds of heaven, that be God's  
breath,  
Toss east or westward."

Thus the wracking night,  
With outward shock but inward peace, went by.  
O'er this new Flood was set an olive branch ;  
The clamorous storm might spend itself in  
vain.

Two loving hearts were bound in saintly speech,  
Till, golden clad, the wet-eyed Dawn appeared.

Then parted they. He climbed that arid  
height

Where looms Cassino's monastery wall.  
She sat awhile, and watched the stir of life  
Swell in the valley. 'Mid the smitten fields  
The peasants and their snow-white oxen pass'd ;  
Young shepherds piped unto their scampering  
flocks ;  
The green hills laughed in sunshine.

Last she rose,  
And trod the humid patches of rough grass,  
Where the wild jacinth curtseyed at her step,

And daisies kissed the border of her robe.  
So reached the silence of the sanctuary.

But—three days past—as Abbot Benedict  
Gazed from his tower at early morn, to see  
The mist shelve from the cypresses about  
The convent of Scholastica—there, where  
Her casement opened eastward, myrtle-crowned—  
Behold ! a white dove from yon cell outflew,  
Nor paused upon the lintel nor the trees,  
But clave ethereal pathway to the blue,  
The wide-winged blue of heaven, framed by the sun  
With shafts of rose and burnished gold for quills.

Then down he kneeled, with praise of God aloud,  
Witting that yonder journeyed forth the soul  
Of sweet Scholastica, twin of his heart ;  
Nor heeded he the messenger who came,  
Breathless, to tell how the loved abbess died  
Some hasty moments since.

But Benedict  
Bade that her body should be forthwith brought  
Within the tomb he'd builded for himself,  
Foreshadowing how himself must follow soon—

He, staunch apostle, who, with failing breath,  
Yet stretched his arms, and chose to stand to die.

Thus were both laid to rest, and, o'er their bones,  
Grey centuries have rolled, as clouds that rise  
And gather, drifting to let others come,  
While men are born and drop to death again,  
And good deeds live, and Christ's broad fold grows  
wider.

But, through the ages, let her name shine on,  
Star-like—Scholastica. “To them that give  
Much love, shall God grant much.”

Enshrined within

An ancient pile that towers among the hills—  
Those circling hills, clinging as purple robes  
About the brown-roofed cities of the heights—  
Still may be seen the portraiture of one  
That was twin sister to great Benedict ;  
Yea, vision-like (although a thousand years  
Stood as a rampart 'twixt her life and his)  
In tender faith by Perugino limned.

There may the semblance to each pilgrim speak :  
Her face serene and fair, with eyes and mouth  
Devotional ; and in her hand a dove.

## A VIOLIN-MAKER IN THE NORTH

OUT from the noisome pit, from black caverns  
below the ground,  
Blinded, and grimed with the coal, and worn with  
their weary round,  
When gloaming lies on our land, and the peaceful  
sky is grey,  
The miners homeward wend, for done is the task  
of the day.  
High on the brow of the hill, where fields gleam  
yellow with corn,  
A dozen red roofs are scattered round one tall  
shaft forlorn ;  
And there the poor folk dwell, and there the  
women must work,  
Whilst the men go down to the pit from earliest  
dawn till mirk,  
And children play in the road, or wander bare-foot  
and free,  
And gather the scarlet poppies, or count the ships  
on the sea.

There—a few years gone—a collier dwelt and  
toiled,

Like the rest, weary and poor, with cinders and  
earth besoiled ;

But, though his hands were hard, his fingers were  
deft of touch,

And the coal that begrimed his brow had not  
darkened his thoughts o'ermuch.

Every eve—as soon as the welcome bell of release  
Heralded rest and air, and some blessed hours of  
peace—

He to his home would hie, as an arrow travels  
straight,

And seek his accustomed place by the narrow  
garden gate.

The northern twilight lingered and lasted that he  
might sit

And whittle a piece of wood, and curiously  
fashion it,

Till night, in gentle reproach, cast her veil across  
the land :

“Thou hast laboured, friend, all day. Come, stay  
the work of thy hand !”



But he laughed as he trimmed his lamp, and  
cried : "What is day to me ?

The blue sky is not for miners—this shall my  
noontide be.

Victory lies before me, for they who work must win,  
And I'll find the secret at last of the voice of the  
violin !"

Within a cupboard of oak, where none too close  
might spy,

Was the copy he sought to copy—a gem he prized  
o'er high.

Oft did he pause in work, to touch the treasure  
awhile,

To hold it lovingly close, and gaze on its form  
and smile,

Till the shining pine grew alive, and the head and  
neck stretched out,

And answered with quivering gleam his almost  
jubilant shout :

"Ay, thou'rt kin to a Strad, thou wert moulded in  
self-same line,

The colour, the body, the purfling, the height and  
the breadth are thine ;

Thou hast lain by the mighty dead ; some luminous  
glance from him

Has flashed on thy golden varnish with flame  
that shall ne'er grow dim !

Should I call thee a counterfeit ? Thy speechless  
glory seems

Like the face of that mystic master who visits me  
oft in dreams

Whether I wake or sleep, whether I'm lying here  
In my bothie upon the hill, where there's neither  
friend nor cheer,

Or when, in the womb of the earth, dark-prisoned,  
down underneath,

I stay the beat of my hammer to hear mine own  
gasping breath,

And he comes and bides awhile, and with patience  
he teaches me,

For his brow and his eyes tell much, though never  
a word says he."

The miner's work went forth ; in distant cities sold,  
The thing that his thought had fashioned was  
prized and bartered for gold.

Men gazed thereon and said : "It is well and  
bravely made ;"

So strangers drew forth the music which he in  
a shrine had laid.

And I mind me one summer eve when a fiddle he  
brought to show

To her who pens these lines, and to whom he  
murmured low :

"'Tis the best that I have achieved—see, I have  
brought it you ;

Now I can sleep at peace—'tis the best I shall  
ever do.

Nay, it has ne'er yet uttered—in my hand it lies  
dumb and still ;

Yet who shall say that it sings not ? I gaze and I  
gaze my fill,

Whilst out of this heart I have wrought, through  
the quiet strings arise

Great waves of rhythmic measure—an ocean of  
melodies ;

For the moan of the sea is there—I caged it with  
mine own hand—

And the cry of the sighing wind that sweeps o'er  
the stricken land,

Or, methinks, the laugh of a child, or a girl's last-  
uttered sigh,  
As she lays her hand in her sweetheart's and  
turns on her bed to die.  
Forgive my foolish words—some things can I  
ne'er speak right,  
But down in the mines they are clear, all clear  
though in darkest night ;  
For deep in the pathless seams, on those cramping  
blackened floors,  
We seem nearer to God and music than in this  
sunshine of yours."

## THE VIOLINIST'S FAREWELL

LAY thee down, my violin,  
Now my hand's grown stiff and weary ;  
Many a time I've press'd thee, dearie,  
Close to heart and under chin.

Now the lights are burning low—  
Lights of life and youth and passion.  
Gayest music, modern fashion,  
Ends with an adagio.

While the player's mood recalls  
Some loved face, or scent of roses,  
Suddenly the concert closes,  
Suddenly the darkness falls.

Lie thou silent in thy case,  
Still thy strings—those four sweet singers !  
Oft they sang while strove my fingers  
Harmonies to interlace.

Striving, yea, with touch and brain,  
Till the people rose for pleasure,  
Dealing their applause full measure,  
Half in joy and half in pain.

Sleep, for thou hast earned thy sleep.  
We'll be silent now, I tell thee.  
Keep the tale of what befell thee  
In thy heart there, dark and deep.

Many a secret hast thou held.  
Bygone tunes, the hearts that made them,  
Hands which grasped thee—thou'st out-  
stayed them ;  
Theirs was youth and thine is eld.

Old thou art, and hard and cold,  
Careless of each short-timed glory,  
Ruthless to each passing story ;  
Lives to thee are tales retold.

Hearken thou—though life be brief,  
Poets for its music love it ;  
And no crown of gold we covet,  
But a simple laurel leaf.

## FALLING ASLEEP

I FOLLOW my spirit guide  
Into the forest of Sleep  
While the branches, swarthy and wide  
Are rocking from side to side  
With a murmur mystic and deep.

The filmy-winged poppies sway,  
Moth-like, through the dusky air,  
And pale stars go drifting away  
Where some shadowy peaks rise grey  
As steps of a giant stair.

I have followed a spirit hand  
Through the sun's great gate in the West;  
And now, as the darkness veils the land,  
I care not to question or understand,  
But I turn to my quiet rest.



## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

L OVE and Friendship came this way,  
By our village, t'other day.  
Friendship wore a cloak of gold,  
Rich and full with many a fold ;  
Eros had but bow and arrows,  
And he aimed at men and sparrows,  
Ever singing, ever gay.

“Gammer, gammer, answer true,  
Which of us may sup with you ?”  
Some chose Love, that laughing fled  
Ere the morning clouds were red,  
While whoso had Friendship bidden  
Oft-times found young Cupid hidden,  
Peeping that same mantle through.

## LOVER'S STORY

### I

#### MORNING SONG

WAKE from thy sleep, my lady bright !  
Awake, arise ! The morning dew  
Melts from the waking flowers ; a new  
Swift-footed day succeeds the night.  
Wake from thy sleep, my lady dear !  
Here, at thy gates,  
Thy lover waits,  
Till thy sweet presence shall appear.

Wake from thy sleep, my lady gay !  
The nightingale has stilled her song,  
Knowing that thou would'st sing ere long,  
And shame her with a tenderer lay.

Wake from thy sleep, my lady dear !  
Here, at thy gates,  
Thy lover waits,  
Till thy sweet presence shall appear.

Wake from thy sleep, my lady fair !  
Come from the land of dreams where I  
To follow thee so vainly sigh ;  
No thought of me finds entrance there.  
Wake from thy sleep, my lady dear !  
Here, at thy gates,  
Thy lover waits,  
Till thy sweet presence shall appear.

## II

## THE QUEEN OF THE GARDEN

Out among the gardens,  
In the grassy perfumed ways,  
By the stately golden lilies,  
And red roses all ablaze—

My lovely queen is passing,  
I can hear her silken dress,  
I can see the flowers bending  
For her footstep's light caress.

And as I meet her gaze she smiles,  
Her eyes are full of glee—  
O my queen, this is a lovely world,  
For you're all the world to me !

About her fragrant tresses  
Plays Zephyr, light and sweet ;  
The dancing flecks of sunshine  
Lie quivering at her feet ;  
The envious birds, from bush and tree  
Are listening to her song,  
Whilst with her happy voice she sings,  
And gaily trips along.

And as I meet her gaze she smiles  
Her eyes are full of glee—  
O my queen, this is a lovely world,  
For you're all the world to me !

## III

## FAIN I'D SIT AT THY FEET

Fain I'd sit at thy feet

O my sweet !

When the warm wan day is a-dying,  
And the fast failing breeze is sighing  
Through rose-blossom'd trees on the lea—  
Yea, fain, O so fain, at thy feet

Would I be,

A slave and a vassal to thee !

Fain I'd beg from thy hands—

Those white wands—

A benison soft, ay, a touch,

A caress, or what passes as such.

They are messengers wing'd by thy will.

And fain, O so fain, 'neath thy hands

Soft and still,

Would I rest and thus dream my fill !

Fain I'd crave from thy heart

One small part

Of the sweetness and tenderness growing  
Therein unto overflowing.

I'd cast it in burning mould ;

Then fain, O so fain, in my heart

I'd enfold

A gem that should ne'er grow cold !

#### IV

#### WHEN ?

Come to me, dear,

When the roses blow ;

Stay by me near,

When the roses blow ;

Speak in mine ear

Softly and low,

Say : " I am here

Now the roses blow ! "

Come, O my heart,

At the darkening day,

Or when moonbeams dart

On their silent way,

Or when night-clouds part  
O'er the sombre bay :  
Come, O my heart !  
Bide no longer away.

Nay, come, when across  
Yon hills lies the snow,  
Or when bitter winds toss  
Bare forests below,  
Or when golden moss  
On the moor's aglow :  
Wait not—'twere my loss—  
Till the roses blow !

## V

## A PORTRAIT

When all the world is dark,  
Thou, child, art like a star,  
A beacon bright, a holy spark,  
To cheer us from afar.

When all the world is cold,  
Thou'rt like a noontide rose,  
Thy sweetness doth itself unfold,  
And thus the sweeter grows.



When all the world is sad,  
Thou'rt like yon chiming bells,  
Whose silver voice so pure and glad  
Their loving message tells.

When all the world is done,  
Thou'lt like an angel stand  
To guide some weak and trembling one  
Unto the Lord's right hand.

## VI

## BEYOND

Beyond the hills, beyond the sea,  
Beyond the north-land hid away ;  
O love, my love, come back to me,  
And bring me back yon summer's day  
When first you found, with sweet surprise,  
An unknown thralldom in mine eyes !

Alas, between that day and this  
The years have built a cold grey wall ;  
But still I seem to feel your kiss,  
And still I think to hear you call

Beyond the hills, beyond the sea :  
O love, my love, come back to me !

In vain we stretch our hands and cry ;  
We tread two paths that ne'er may meet,  
And needs must tread them till we die,  
Though sad our hearts, and bruised our feet.  
But after—ah, love, 'tis not told,  
What Time, or Death, or Life may hold !

## VII

## WHAT IS GONE

There was a dear bright face  
That faded from my sight, and pass'd away,  
And comes no more ; so now for me the day  
Has lost its grace.

There was a dear warm heart  
That beat with tender pulses join'd to mine ;  
But now my lonely life must needs resign  
Its nobler part.

There was a pure white soul  
That dwelt awhile among earth's lowly flow'rs ;  
A captive bird (we might not call it ours)  
That sought its goal.

## VIII

## A VISION

Within a field of lilies  
I see my dead love stand,  
And in her chill white hand  
She holds a lily wand.

Now comes she close beside me,  
Her lips are at mine ear ;  
Methinks her voice I hear  
In music low and clear.

Yet all the while I know not  
The message it may tell,  
But, like a sad church-bell,  
It rings a mournful knell.

Before mine eyes is stealing  
A strange and wand'ring mist ;  
But, though I dream, I wist  
That she my forehead kiss'd.

She lifts a beckoning finger,  
With tender voice she pleads—  
My drooping steps she leads  
Beyond the shining meads.

Her white arms wreathe around me,  
She holds me close and nigh ;  
I faint, I sob, I cry :  
Dear heaven, let me die !

## THE LEGEND OF THE MARIGOLD

(It is said in Brittany, that whoso is truly pure in heart, and on a special morning touches barefoot a marigold flower, gains thereby the knowledge of the language of birds.)

THREE maidens went forth at dawn of day,  
Out to the beechen wood.

And who shall know what the wild birds say?

Who but the pure and good?

*(O merrily now the sweet bird wings  
Its course over hill and lea ;  
O merrily now the wild bird sings  
As it 'lights on the swaying tree.)*

They trod barefoot in the long green grass,  
Cool with the shining dew ;  
The bluebells nodded to see them pass,  
And the daisies blinked sleepily through.



Then each stept soft on a marigold—  
On a marigold flower stept she—  
And cried : “ O flower, do thou unfold  
The lore I would learn from thee ! ”

*(O merrily now the sweet bird wings  
Its course over hill and lea ;  
O merrily now the wild bird sings  
As it 'lights on the swaying tree.)*

Then the youngest of those maidens heard  
Full many a lovely note,  
For every forest note was a word  
Trilled loud from the songster's throat.

The dove crooned lullabies of peace,  
The merle told lays of love ;  
But the lark hymned, soaring in the sky :  
“ Glory to God above ! ”

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE GARDEN

PEACE o'er the landscape ; through the high  
thin air

"God's bows and arrows," dark-wing'd swallows,  
cleave,

And on the warm hillside the green hops weave  
Their graceful garlands that full harvest bear.  
Here, in the border, rain-washed, all things fair  
Incline their heads to rest, for herald eve  
Thus early doth the Sabbath hours perceive,  
And every fragrant blossom breathes a prayer.

Then fret no more, my heart, but steep thyself  
In tender twilight and refreshing dew,  
And with calm Nature vigil keep awhile ;  
Put by all daily toil, all thought of pelf ;  
Not less for grace 'mid leafy alleys sue  
Than in some grand cathedral's vaulted aisle.



## A LADY TO HER MUSICIAN

MAKE thou a melody,  
And prithee let it run as free  
And sweet and wild, o'er some full chords of power,  
As on a stalwart hedge the woodbine flower  
Goes rambling from the parent tree.

Shape thou for me a song ;  
Love's glamour shining there as strong  
As when, close-armoured in his silver rays,  
Peers Hesper through the sky of chrysophrase—  
Lone light of all yon starry throng.

Next, strike a battle-call,  
That, by its wide insistent thrall,  
From coast to coast all loyal hearts be stirred,  
And 'mong the tents and ships quick pass the word :  
“ Ever may Britain's foemen fall ! ”

And yet, methinks, and yet,  
I'd have thee twang a minuet,  
While courtly couples pace the waxen floor,  
And slowly bow and curtsey o'er and o'er,  
Within their charmed and stately set.

Then shall thy fingers stray  
O'er memory-laden keys, so they  
Evoke faint-perfumed visions of the past—  
A look, a sigh, a voice—perchance at last  
A face from mists of bygone day.

Nay, thy tune's timed by tears ;  
In muffled march move earth-bound years.  
Rouse thee, and sing of such immortal things  
That angels pause 'mid heaven, with folded wings,  
To listen through the golden spheres !

## THE MOODS OF TIME

**T**IME the sower, Time the mower,  
Brought the seeds of war.  
Time, the mighty overthrower,  
Ploughed the earth with rent and scar,  
Called the nations from afar,  
Bade the princes' friendship rive,  
Bade them strike and bade them strive,  
Strive and wrestle one 'gainst other,  
Man to man and son with brother.

Time the sower, Time the mower,  
Viewed the barren land.  
Time, the ruthless overthrower,  
Stayed his fierce and deadly hand,  
Made his armies pause and stand ;  
Drew the bolts and gave release  
To the prisoned maiden Peace ;  
On a throne of gold he raised her,  
So the kneeling peoples praised her.

## FOR ENGLAND

“FROM over the sea that message made  
All British hearts grow hot :

‘Take hence your men, ye shall be afraid  
To meet our forces—we’ll spare you not !

Nor shall you land

On Afric’s strand

From your ships of war that plough the  
main,

But turn your track,

And go wisely back,

And seek your barracks at home again.’

They turned—from Peace to War they turned !

Our England burned,

With anger and patriot pride she burned.

She had dreamed of peace—

Let the vision cease !

There arose a shout  
With the country's breath :  
'Who shall dare to flout  
'The flag that we carry from life to death?'  
There arose a cry :  
'We will do or die  
For England !' "

'Twas thus he spoke—my man—that night  
When we two sat hand in hand, the light  
Of the flickering candle scarce showing the  
gloom  
Of our poor little homely familiar room.  
At dawn of day  
He must up and away.  
Ah ! soon shall the dawn break chill and grey.  
Dear my heart, sweet my heart,  
And must we part  
For England ?

Oh England ! women's hearts may bleed,  
In bitter need,  
More sorely struck and bruised indeed

Than are thy warrior sons, who yield  
Their lives for thee on battle-field !

“ No, no,

Wife, say not so—

But kiss me, kiss me, ere I go ! ”

He held me in his arms once more ;

He smiled farewell to me.

The room was dim, yet I could see

His eyes afire with thought of victory,

And glory, and the wondrous soldier-glow

That bids our dear ones lightly, gaily, go.

Then from my clinging grasp he tore

The form I love, the hands, the face, the hair.

A moment since—oh God ! and he was there

Who now had gone.

Yes, he had gone, gone, gone !

The room was empty ; and I stood alone.

Well, in that moment all my wedded life  
anew

I seemed to live, or from a great height view,

As oftentimes on some deep vale we gaze,

And clearly scan the woods and fields and  
ways ;

And thus, perchance, instead of tears,  
My soul was filled with thoughts of bygone years.

A balmy summer eve ; the king of day,  
Ere that he sank within the purpling west,  
Would o'er the prosperous land his blessing lay.  
In golden calm the elm trees towered at rest,  
The hamlet hid among our meadows green,  
The laughing river sang the alder boughs  
between.

Down by the sedge  
Blossomed the yellow iris, each a star.  
And roses burst upon the roadside hedge ;  
The homing rooks sailed o'er a cloudless main,  
And swallows circled high and far ;  
While two fond lovers wandered down the lane,  
And slow  
Their footsteps, and their voices low.

Yet was that hour less sweet, methinks, less  
sweet  
Than many an aftertime. With willing feet  
Treads the young bride,  
So to companion him she loves,  
And by his side



Across the wide wold of new life she moves,  
Nor fears,  
Because each day his love more sure appears.

But Sorrow—

A speck of cloud upon the tranquil sky  
Gathering and mounting high—  
May blur the sun and darken our to-morrow.  
And war is as a cloud of blood,  
And swarth the year when strife and death prevail,  
And nations rise in ireful mood.  
Then, through the din, our women sob and wail,  
And, in your midst, the wan and wild-eyed widows  
press,  
And, cold and hungry, cry the fatherless.

'Tis strange—methinks, were he but here,  
Although his voice grew harsh or stern,  
The speech o'er-chill—my dear, my dear!—  
I'd hearken gladly—thus may a sick heart yearn!  
There could not be an angry thing he'd say  
(Not that he'd say or think it!) but I'd haste  
and go,  
And look into his face the old, old way,  
And hold out my two arms so—yes, just so.

Or, better, might I hear him whisper that pet name  
Just once—the same  
He's given me since we two were wed—  
(No, you'd not like it—I'll not tell it you—  
Ugly, uncouth, you'd say—perchance 'twere true—  
And yet to me it seems the sweetest word  
I e'er have heard,  
Most dulcet song that lover-lips have said,  
Since language has begun,  
Most tender lyric poet-pens can frame—)  
I'd answer to that whisper—nay, I'd run.  
“Come on, old girl!” Alas! it is not he!  
The hot tears blind my eyes; I cannot see.

Sometimes, as I sit here alone,  
And shadows take strange shape, and sounds grow  
clear,  
I shiver, and I start in fear,  
For to my ear  
Floats a faint call—almost a moan.  
Comes it from far? Oh God! whence may it  
come,  
A-winging home,  
In voyage swift,  
Across the surging perilous sea,

Haply for one short greeting, ere away it drift  
    To silence of eternity ?  
Lies he upon the battle-plain,  
    Wounded, and calls ?  
    Again, again he calls,  
    And calls in vain—  
        And I  
        Not nigh,  
To bind his hurt and ease his pain,  
And bring him back to life and joy again !  
    Perchance the darkness falls  
Upon that ghastly bleak hill-side  
Where they, who make our grief, but more our pride,  
    They whom we ne'er forget,  
Our soldier heroes, all unconquered yet,  
    Save by grim Death,  
Unyielding to the foe, yield now their valorous  
    breath  
        For England.

He lives ! Methinks I hear him speak to-night :  
    “ Dear heart, you would  
    Not keep me if you could.  
Your hand, your little English hand,  
    Points to the fight.

For sake of this our mother-land,  
Her honour, and her might,  
I went. Dear heart,  
If yours must prove the harder part :  
To stay and watch and wait  
From early dawn till evening late,  
From evening late to early dawn again to stay,  
And watch, and wait, and so from day to day—  
Yet, as you love me, hold sweet courage high.  
God's care shall guard my wife ;  
Ay, whether He demand or spare my life,  
Whether I live or die  
For England !”

(This poem was written, at the time of the last Boer War, in aid of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and dedicated by permission to Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, then H.R.H. Princess of Wales.)

## A PRAYER

**G**OD of war ! God of war !  
Thine the strength and Thine the might.  
Be Thou with us, day and night,  
Through the darkness, in the light,  
Near and far.  
Guard our armies, guard our men,  
Fathers, brothers, husbands, when  
Death and danger lead the fight—  
God of war !

God of peace ! God of peace !  
Keep our homes, and keep the land,  
Women, children, in Thy hand.  
Grant that strife on yonder strand  
Soon may cease.  
Lord, for victory we cry,  
Peace comes after victory,  
Sorrow flies at Thy command—  
God of peace !

## OUR DEAD

1899-1900

THEY have crossed the shadowy river, they  
have left us desolate ;

All in vain we strain toward them—we must live  
our lives and wait.

We are wandering in the forest—they have reached  
the castle gate.

Wakeful are the hours of slumber—dreary seems  
each noontide bright.

Every morn we pray for silence and the shelter of  
the night.

Every night we pine for dawning, and its earliest  
streak of light.

O ! the longing for a whisper from the lips that  
speak no more,

For a look from eyes love-beautified, whose earthly  
sight is o'er,

For a well-known welcome footstep at the closed  
and silent door.

In my heart's secluded garden there's a furrow dark  
and deep ;

I may fill it full of pansies, still that aching wound  
I keep.

But the gardeners are God's angels, there where  
His belovèd sleep.



## TWO MESSENGERS

LOVE and Death, God's messengers, armed  
beside Him stand.

Love, with eyes divinely bright, close at His right  
hand ;

Death, in pallid garments wrapt, waiting His com-  
mand.

Thence they travel, fast and far, north, south, east  
and west.

Can we tell whose stroke of lance wounds each  
human breast ?

Love may bring the more of pain, Death a sweeter  
rest.

## WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS

. . . WHEN I go

Beyond those heights of dusk'd illimitable snow  
Which we call Death, say, dearest, shall my spirit  
    know

If you sit sad-faced in the vale, the red sun set?  
For you the world in gloom—for me in radiance?

    Yet,

Ah yet, I'll yearn for you! Can I forget? forget?

## CONTRAST

THERE sit two fair king's daughters,  
One looking east, one looking west ;  
One clad in sombre garments,  
One in red samite drest.

One dreaming in lone silence,  
From weary noon to weary noon ;  
One singing, in sweet cadence,  
Of love that cometh soon.

One with the seal of sorrow  
Upon her pallid lips and eyes ;  
One smiling in the sunshine  
For tenderest surprise.

One seeking through dim cloud-land  
Him who on earth she may not meet ;  
One rising with glad quickness  
A well-known step to greet.

## FOLK-SONGS

O UR lives are tunes by untaught voices sung  
In widest range. Some breathe but few  
bars' lease,

And thenceforth silence ; some a minor piece.  
From pallid lips are grievous dirges rung ;  
By valiant knights loud trumpet-blasts are flung ;  
While gay hearts trip to dancing jigs at ease.  
Strange hands oft add what harmonies they please,  
Roaming the wide world's ivory keys among.

Yon cantus haply with full chords is set ;  
Through this the florid counterpoint flits fast.  
And here, 'mid changeful notes that throb and fret,  
One deep-toned chime of pain's recurrent cast.  
If grief's our figured bass, let none regret—  
God's Perfect Cadence closes Life at last.

## BECAUSE OF THEE

**B**ECAUSE of thee my heart is like a tree  
That's evergreen through storm and wintry  
days,

That grows beside the pleasant waterways,  
And stretches forth toward Heav'n's canopy.  
Because of thee my heart must constant be,  
Like those fond flowers that turn for Phœbus'  
rays ;

Or, like some gem which through a furnace stays  
Unchanged—so I, because of thee, of thee.

Yet still for thee my heart is like to die,  
To droop and wither on its feeble stem ;  
Yea, these two contrasts touch—a radiant sky  
Leans down to kiss the stormy ocean's hem ;  
Close in my spirit joy and sorrow lie,  
Both at thy bidding when thou callest them.

## LOVE OR FAME

A MAIDEN to the Delphic temple came,  
And hid her brows, and at the shrine bent  
low.

“What wilt thou?” “Fain would I the future  
know.”

“Of two gifts then have one. Choose : Love or  
Fame?”

“O Sun-God ! Laurels grant, a deathless name !  
So at my song far nations’ tears may flow,  
And men remember though from hence I go ;  
For in my breast I feel the sacred flame.”

Years pass. A weeping woman kneels again,  
For mercy to the oracle she sues :

“O give me Love ! Take back the bay-crown’d  
lyre !

Life dawns for me ; till now I’ve lived in vain.  
Content am I all earthly fame to lose  
If one true heart me for its guest desire.”

## TO MY OWN FACE

A GREETING to thee, O most trusty friend !  
That hast so steadfastly companioned me.  
What other, say, in this can equal thee,  
Who cam'st to life with me, with me shalt end ?  
Poor face of mine ! Right often dost thou lend  
A smile to hide some smileless thoughts that be  
Bound deep in heart, and oft thy kind eyes see  
My soul's great grief and bid their ears attend.

Ah, childish fairness, seeming near, yet far,  
Prized tenderly by dear ones pass'd away,  
Fain I'd recall it ! Next, an oval grace  
Of girlhood ; for thy woman's sorrows are  
Stamped now on lips and forehead day by day,  
Yet God's own image thou—O human face !



## PASSING SHADOWS

THE passing shadows empurpled lie upon the  
face of the sea,  
Though when we upward turn our gaze snow-white  
the great clouds be ;  
And thus, perchance, some actions of men, o'er-  
dark to our low-train'd sight,  
May shine forth lovely, and grand, and pure, con-  
strued in a higher light.

## LOVE'S OWN SONG

ONCE, once, yes, once upon a time,  
Love took a reed pen and made him a  
rhyme.

Out from the copse came the thrushes to listen,  
The water-nymphs paused in their play ;  
For sympathy dew-drops on roses 'gan glisten,  
And bees bore the sweetness away.

Once, once, but once upon a time—  
Never again did Love pen him a rhyme.  
'Tis told he was cross'd, and the brave poem lost ;  
Yet, dauntless, our lovers to-day  
Are writing and singing, with minds fancy-toss'd,  
Though they never know just what to say.

## BY THE SHORE

BY the shore, by the shore,  
By the lovely southern shore,  
Shall I meet thee, shall I greet thee  
Never more?

By the shore, by the shore,  
By the balmy southern shore,  
Is the glory of love's story  
Past and o'er?

By the shore, by the shore,  
By the mournful southern shore,  
I am weary for my dearie  
Gone before.

Gone, alas ! beyond the tender  
Thoughts that would beside her be ;  
Gone beyond the sunset splendour,  
Far beyond the golden sea ;

Yet, methinks, when I am dreaming,  
I can see her by the shore,  
By the radiant heav'nly shore,  
By the strange sweet unknown shore,  
Where the waves of Time are gleaming  
Evermore and evermore.

## THE BEST

WHAT is the best, the fairest thing?

A woman answers : "youth" ;

"More power," sighs a new-crown'd king,

A fearless knight says : "ruth."

The worldly-wise of riches sing,

The sage cries out for truth.

An angel, listening from above,

Smiles : "We call truth God's love."

## OF REMEMBRANCE

**M**ETHINKS that you'll remember, when I die,  
Not some brave action, nor yet stately  
speech—

Though sheltered lives to these may sometimes  
reach—

But just a turn of lip, a glance of eye,  
A trivial jest, a laughing word, a sigh,  
A trick too strong to cure, too slight to teach,  
Scarce noticed, haply mocked by all and each—  
Now a full source of tears you'd fain defy.

Ah, do not weep ! The traveller, having come  
From mountain heights, cares naught for drifted  
snow,

Nor rock, nor branch, as record of the day :  
But plucks a gentian blue and bears it home,  
Safe in his bosom—I would have you so  
Keep one sweet speck of love at heart alway.

## THE QUEEN OF THE VILLAGE

“COME and dance on the green, Nancy,  
Come and dance on the green;  
The fiddles tune gay for the first of May,  
And the pole was decked at break of day—  
The prettiest sight e’er seen.”

“Nay, I’ll not dance on the green, Tony,  
Nay, I’ll not dance on the green.  
What care I if the mirth grow high,  
When ne’er shall my true love come whistling by  
As in happier days that have been?”

“Come and walk in the lane, Nancy,  
Come and walk in the lane;  
White thorn’s on the hedge by the green meadow’s  
edge,  
And flags are blossoming down in the sedge,  
And cowslips are thick on the plain.”



“Nay, I’ll not walk in the lane, Tony,  
Nay, I’ll not walk in the lane.  
What should I care for the wild flowers there,  
That my true love once gathered to tress in my hair,  
But never shall gather again?”

“Come and let us be wed, Nancy,  
Come and let us be wed;  
I’ve silver, I trow, my dame to endow—  
A garden, a paddock, a warm house enow,  
And cushions of silk for thy bed.”

“Nay, but I will not be wed, Tony,  
Nay, but I will not be wed;  
For how could I smile did we walk down the aisle,  
My heart in its grief sobbing loud all the while,  
Because that my true love is dead?”

## SONG OF THE GREEN REEDS

SING low, sing low—  
The streamlets flow  
Down to the sea where the great ships go ;  
Breathe soft, breathe soft,  
Wind from aloft,  
Wide over hillock and field and croft !

Day falls, day falls—  
A young knight calls ;  
The maiden steals from her father's halls.  
On strand, on strand,  
A boat's at hand ;  
The twain are bound for a foreign land.

Tears weep, tears weep—  
The sea hides deep,  
And waves make dirge where the lovers sleep.  
Who'll tell ? who'll tell ?  
They sleep full well,  
While storm-winds mutter a mournful knell.

## AUTUMN DAYS

THE autumn days are silent  
The autumn days are long ;  
I sit alone on the lonely beach,  
And ease my heart with song.  
Yon red roofs by the harbour  
Lie glinting in the sun,  
The brown boats, through the golden haze,  
Drift homeward, one by one ;—

But far beyond the sea,  
O'er the still and quiet sea,  
My thoughts are flying wild and fast,  
Away and away, to thee !

Surely the land where thou art,  
The southern land, doth lie  
'Neath where one pale star soon will peer  
Through the calm and tender sky.

'Twas on a starlit summer eve  
Thy dear lips kiss'd my brow,  
My heart throb'd to thy words of love—  
I seem to hear them now ;—

And far beyond the sea,  
O'er the still and quiet sea,  
My thoughts are flying wild and fast,  
Away and away, to thee !

## TWO GIFTS

GIVE me, dear heart, a little spray  
A flower thy hands did pluck,  
A tiny record of to-day,  
A gift to bring good luck :  
I'll wear it on my heart alway,  
Till Death that heart has struck.

Give me, dear love, a little kiss,  
I'll ask no more of thee ;  
But if we twain must part like this,  
Give one sweet kiss to me :  
In mem'ry I'll enshrine my bliss,  
Immortal shall it be !

## WITH A ROSE

**I**N Persia ('tis said),  
When a man would fain wed,  
A tulip he sends  
To further his ends.

It explains to the fair  
His pangs of despair.  
Its petals are flame ;  
His nature's the same.

Its heart is like coal ;  
Just so is his soul ;  
No better than tinder,  
Burnt black to a cinder.

Dear, on *you* Love bestows  
A sweet English rose,  
Telling—naught of his pain—  
Only joy, peace, and gain.

## AN IDYLL OF SPRING-TIME

AS I went past the common—  
The yellow gorse was ripe—  
I met a little shepherd boy,  
And blithely did he pipe.  
The wind played in his curly hair,  
The dawn shone from his eyes,  
And the bonnie coat he wore that day  
Was blue as summer skies.

“I love you, O my dearie dear,  
I love just only you;  
And, whether I be far or near,  
My heart is always true !”

He went piping o'er the mountain,  
And singing through the wood.  
It was evening when I saw him come  
In sad and thoughtful mood ;

With sorrow in his face and mien,  
With downcast eyes and sad,  
With weary gait, and silent voice,  
That erst had rung so glad :

“ I love you, O my dearie dear,  
I love just only you ;  
And, whether I be far or near,  
My heart is always true ! ”



## PREFERENCE

ABOUT the table of my heart  
My thoughts for me make goodly company,  
And there, in converse voluble and free,  
All, as it were, take rightful part.

Some seem too gaily pranked and drest,  
Some overbold in manner or in speech ;  
Impartial host, I bend kind looks on each,  
Yet learn to love one sombre guest :

One that to mirth brings slender gain,  
And in debate but little wit may lend,  
Yet who, if him I rightly entertain,  
Shall prove my best, most trusty, friend.

## TO A COMRADE

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

I F that my mind a country be,  
Whereof I'm crown'd the king  
My rule shall show, as all may see,  
Good care for everything.

Of precious stones the walls I'll build,  
On outer worlds to shine ;  
Within I'd choose a garden, fill'd  
With blossoms most divine.

Right gladly will I nurture it,  
Oft pluck a flower or two ;  
And sometimes—for a while—admit  
A trusty friend, like you !

## “LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED!”

TOM the Crier came this way.  
As he pass'd I heard him say :  
“ Lost ! a jewel's lost to-day—  
    'Tis *true-love* I'm seeking.  
All good gossips, high and low,  
Pray ye, tell me an ye know  
Which the better road I'd go ?  
    Thank ye for the speaking.”

“ Yon the path,” a maiden said ;  
“ Sunshine there is freely shed ;  
There the roses blossom red  
    Without stint or measure ! ”  
Ringing, ringing, went the crier ;  
But, 'mid shadows, 'mong the briar,  
One poor lad, in worn attire,  
    Sought and found the treasure.

## AMOR FIDELIS

A LITTLE boy barefoot went shuddering by,  
While o'ercast and ominous thundered the  
sky.

Ragged his cloak, but his laughter rang oft  
O'er meadows and marshes, and up by the croft :  
" Love is Love, Love is Love ; ay, when all things  
are told,  
Love's better than riches, and purer than gold."

He would take ne'er a drink, nor a bite, nor  
a sup ;

He jeered at our crust, and he smiled at our cup,  
And onward he struggled through sunshine and  
rain,

While the hamlet re-echoed his constant refrain :  
" Love is Love, Love is Love ; ay, when all things  
are told,  
Love's better than riches, and purer than gold."

There came a sad hour—he could travel no more—  
Bow and arrows all broke, little feet worn and sore,  
He sank by the hedgerow, a-sobbing in woe,  
Yet we heard from his wan lips the murmuring low:  
“ Love is Love, Love is Love ; ay, when all things  
are told,  
Love’s better than riches, and purer than gold ! ”

## PERSIAN LOVE SONG

AS a cloud to the wind I am docile to thee ;  
As a rose to the nightingale sweet would I  
be,  
And deep in thy thought as a pearl in the sea.

Thou art gone—falls the dark ! thou art here—  
breaks the morn !  
Our sunlight without thee seems brilliance forlorn ;  
And this world's a dead king, of all royalty shorn.

What is love but a bird that would touch the blue  
sky ?  
What is love but a viol-string pitched far too high ?  
What is love but the heart's unappeasable cry ?

I wait thee, heart's dearest—let life be the grove  
Where I long for and meet thee, and walk with  
my love—  
The green lawns for carpet, the white stars above !

## LOVE'S MUSIC

### I

LOVE thought one day to sing a lay—  
He sang (poor foolish boy !)  
Of love's delight and happiness,  
Fond troth and lover's joy ;  
Of hearts that grow to be as one,  
Twin souls as fair as flow'rs,  
And all the bliss that love can bring  
Upon this world of ours.

But they that listened sneer'd or sighed,  
And many turned away ;  
For there were some who could not tell  
What Love had meant to say.

## II

Then Love was fain to sing again—  
He tuned his lute anew :  
The long weird chords thrill'd in the air,  
And piercèd all hearts through.  
He sang of love, and lover's grief,  
Sad troth, and silent woe,  
Of all the pain that love can bring  
Upon this world below.

And, as he sang, the people wept  
Because of that sweet lay ;  
For there were none who could not tell  
What Love had meant to say.



## HEART'S DARLING

WHAT is the key to reach your love,  
Heart's darling?  
Is it iron, or silver, or gold?  
Is it large or little of mould?  
And is it burning, or tepid, or cold,  
Heart's darling?

What is the song to touch your ear,  
Heart's darling?  
Is it a murmur soft and low?  
Is it a lilt from the long ago?  
Or is it a tumult of ebb and flow,  
Heart's darling?

What is the gaud to please your eye,  
Heart's darling?  
Is it a jewelled ring or crown?  
A castle, a steed, or a silken gown?  
Or is it a life that's laid humbly down,  
Heart's darling?

## CHIEFTAIN'S SONG

WHEN the hum of day is still,  
And the white moon rides the hill,  
Come away.  
Bind thy tresses waving free;  
Wear o'er gown of cramoisie  
Coat of grey.

Go we early, go we late,  
We must pass the castle gate.  
Who should tell  
How a village lad and maid  
Jogged together, unafraid,  
To the dell?

There's a feud 'twixt clan and clan,  
But thy beauty breaks the ban,  
Bows the knee.

Shall my trusty men, and tried,  
Bring no welcome to my bride,  
Nor to me ?

Thou shalt have a pearly chain,  
Pages four to bear thy train,  
All my land ;  
Thine shall be my spear or sword,  
Ready, at thy lightest word,  
In this hand.

## A POSY RING

*"Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?"—HAMLET.*

DEAR, take this posy. Wear it next your  
heart,

For every golden word therein speaks true ;  
And howso garlanded, or broke in part,  
The message of it lingers : "*I love you*";  
And if you ask me, *Love I you ?* I say :  
"*You, you I love*, for ever and alway."

### I

TO THE ONE THAT HATH HIS HEART

Aurora, in her rosy cloak,  
Came gently o'er the hill.  
The slumber of the lark she broke,  
The blackbird on the bough she woke,  
Yet left the forest still.

She bathed her ankles in the mere  
Below yon belt of fir ;  
Of prying eyes she knew no fear :  
The stars had fled, the sky was clear,  
The sun but scarce astir.

When lo ! were all at once undrawn  
The curtains of the day :  
You stood upon this dewy lawn,  
Your golden hair outdid the dawn,  
And swept my grief away.

## II

## WHAT IS SPRING ?

Green buds on the trees,  
Warm light on the seas,  
Low murmur of bees.

A thrill in the air  
As though angels were there,  
Sun-rays in their hair.

A ripple, a stir ;  
Sweet scent—musk or myrrh—  
From the gorse or the fir.

The song-birds a-wooing,  
And tender doves cooing ;  
The whole world renewing.

While you wave your hand—  
A bluebell for wand—  
Dear queen of the land !

## III

## THE DRAGON SLAYER

Love, conquering knight, close squired by Youth—  
Rides, armed with sword and shield of Truth ;  
And, like to him, I'd slay Distrust,  
So bid each serpent bite the dust ;  
Victorious then my faith proclaim,  
True fealty give, and laud thy name.

Think'st thou that I, think'st thou that I,  
To mine own heart would give the lie?

Art rock-bound near some sullen sea?  
Thy champion, here I set thee free.  
Step down, put forth thy maiden hand—  
Prone lies the foe on yonder strand!  
Victorious I'll my faith proclaim,  
True fealty give, and laud thy name.  
Think'st thou that I, think'st thou that I,  
To mine own heart would give the lie?

## IV

## I WOULD I WERE THE MANTLE

I would I were the mantle wrapt  
About my lady's form,  
With silver clasp'd, with ermine capt  
'Gainst chill of rain or storm.

From neck to toe I'd her enfold,  
And shelter every part;  
But, most of all, secure I'd hold  
The treasure of her heart.

## V

## IF I WERE A BIRD

If I were a bird, I'd build  
In the blossoming snow-white trees,  
When April days are filled  
With a promise of golden leas.

If you and I both were birds,  
In feathery garments drest,  
I would twitter some honied words,  
And pray you to share my nest.

And while you should sit on a branch,  
And preen your beautiful wings,  
To you in the twilight I'd launch  
Those notes that the nightingale sings.

## VI

## THE LAVENDER FLOWER

Lavender grey, lavender blue,  
Perfume wrapt in the sky's own hue ;



Lavender blue, lavender grey,  
Love in Memory lives alway.

Lavender grey, lavender blue,  
Sweet is remembrance if love be true ;  
Lavender blue, lavender grey,  
Sweeter, methinks, is the love of to-day.

## VII

## MY MAIDEN BEAUTIFUL

O red rose in the garden,  
O red rose on the spray,  
Saw you my maiden beautiful  
Pass hither on her way?  
Perchance she kissed your petals,  
And turned from white to red  
The rose that blushed to find itself  
With fairer sweets o'erspread.

O blackbird in the thicket,  
And you, sad nightingale,  
Heard you my maiden beautiful  
Go singing down the vale?

For, syne yon dulcet measure  
    Dame Echo hither bore,  
Methinks your plaintive notes have caught  
    A lilt they lacked before.

## VIII

## HEARTSEASE

Heartsease, heartsease,  
    Prithee tell me why  
All yon blossoms on the lea  
    Cannot stay one sigh?

Sunbeam, sunbeam,  
    Shining all in vain !  
Fairest light on land and sea  
    Cannot ease my pain.

## IX

## WESTWARD

The clouds upon a silver sky  
Go riding to the west,  
And westward o'er the churning sea  
Inclines each foamy crest ;  
The great trees, straining from the gale,  
Put all their boughs to test.

I would I were a flying cloud  
To follow in thy wake ;  
I would I were a lifted wave  
Close at thy feet to break ;  
I would I were a giant oak  
Thy sheltering roof to make.

The ribboned reeds beside the mere  
For very anguish sing ;  
The wild birds call with piercing note,  
A-travelling on the wing ;  
The moaning blast, in tower and nook,  
Gives voice to everything.

Alas ! that I—like rush or reed—  
    Ne'er cease to sigh thy name,  
And with the songsters of the air  
    Most mournful rondels frame ;  
Perchance, in clamorous storm I'd best  
    My tortured heart proclaim.

## X

## WHEN I GAZE OUT

When I gaze out—  
And watch the wet night through this window-pane  
    The misty stain  
    And blur of rain  
That fill the street, encircling it about—  
    Each star is hid for me,  
Yet well I know what lambent orbs there be.

When I gaze out—  
And yearn for thee to lighten life's dull way ;  
    When scarce a ray  
    Cheers my sad day

That's quenched by flood of grief or cloud of  
doubt—

No star for me may rise,  
Yet faith recalls the clearness of thine eyes.

## XI

## WHAT?

What, are they all over,  
Those days full of pain?  
Is my lot laid in clover?  
May I see you again?  
Oh, my dearest, my dearest !  
The world's very sweet  
When you're near to my kiss,  
And my heart's at your feet.

I had wanted you ever,  
Hope and Faith alike wronged ;  
I expected you never,  
Though to you I belonged.  
Oh, my dearest, my dearest !  
The world's very sweet  
When you're near to my kiss,  
And my heart's at your feet.

## XII

AWAY WITH THEE, SORROW !

Away with thee, Sorrow !

Hence ere to-morrow !

Joy, prithee stay

For many a long, long day.

Away with thee, Sorrow

Fain would I borrow

Joy's garments gay

To grace mine holiday.

## SUMMER COMETH

SUMMER cometh,  
Wild bee hummeth,  
In the sedge the kingcup blows ;  
Gorse and briar  
Break to fire  
'Mid the woodbine and the rose.

Where the larches  
Build green arches  
Coos the ring-dove, caws the rook ;  
Mimic laughter  
Follows after  
From the streamlet's sheltered nook.

Summer passes,  
Lads and lasses !  
Hand in hand we'll jog along ;  
Love comes sweetly,  
Love goes fleetly,  
Through the pauses of our song.

## AUTUMN

THE voice of Autumn murmurs in the branches  
And quickens Summer's knell with presages ;  
Her thin hand plucks the yellow leaves, and  
launches

Them on the wind-gust for sad messages.

She is old Winter's friend, and waits

His coming at her golden gates.

Her robes of russet cloth are made,

With tassels brown and knots of crimson braid.

The sunflower weaves her starry crown,

And violets hem her trailing gown ;

The minstrel robins wear her livery,

But swallows—Summer's henchmen—from that  
bondage fly.

The touch of Autumn on the landscape lingers.

Yon sunset fire to fuller flame she stirs.

Calm ocean wakes beneath her restless fingers ;

Queen, goddess, spirit—mighty names be hers !



She is old Winter's friend, and waits  
His coming at her golden gates.  
She smiles across the laden fields;  
To her the land its richest harvest yields,  
And, lover-like, trod underfoot,  
With meek content grows destitute.  
Yet, as she pales for age, she makes sad moan,  
And, last, sees chill December mount her empty  
throne.

## IN THE ACCIDENT WARD

MAN by man, in sad array—  
What to us means night or day,  
Sunset red or twilight grey?

Oft, betwixt wild thoughts we sigh;  
Or for stress of anguish cry.  
Number Ten knows he must die.

Number Ten finds dying hard;  
Head and limbs sore maimed and scarr'd—  
He, the worst sight in the ward!

Number Nine would fain forget  
All such weary pain and fret.  
On his book his mind is set;

By his pillow one red rose;  
And he reads, with glass on nose,  
How the Trojans fought their foes.

While, beyond him—curious fate !  
Lies Tom ploughman—Number Eight—  
Jocund still at Death's own gate.

Number Six came yester even.  
By him sits his wife ; and Seven—  
Yon fair boy with eyes like heaven—

Envious, stares at both ; strikes two,  
He's to the theatre carried through,  
So longs for mother's kiss anew.

Number Five and Number Three  
Spar at draughts. Four hops to see—  
Lame, on crutches. Two : that's me !

One—must daily fade to worse ;  
Bolstered up, he knits a purse ;  
Just a present for his nurse.

Down the ward, Twelve drops asleep ;  
Some folks chat and some may weep,  
Some about the window creep

To watch the crowd that press the street  
With busy, happy, healthy feet,  
Or at yon corner pause and greet ;

Or ride or drive, and gaily go  
To join the throng by Rotten Row—  
Little of pain and grief *they* know.

Our lives are earnest, theirs but dreams !  
Thus our aching fancy deems  
When on *this* wall *their* sunlight gleams.

## OUR SALLY

FROM cowslip meads the children come,  
From a dance on the fair green grass;  
Their feet still beat time, like the lilt in a rhyme,  
As the threshold of home they pass.

Their hands are fill'd with flowers they pluck'd,  
Their eyes are alight with the sun,  
And their faces so meagre are happy and eager,  
As they tell of the deeds that were done.

"Gently, gently," the mother sighs,  
"Little Nan, come listen to me;  
Soft, Ned, like a dear, for Sally that's here  
Has just dropt to sleep on my knee.

"All day long I have tried to cool  
Her hot little scarlet cheek;  
She cried, the poor sweet, she must go to the treat  
With the rest, be she never so weak."

At that, sister Sal opens wide her eyes :

“O mother, O mother, I'll go !

I can run—yes, I can—just as quickly as Nan ;

There's room on the green grass, I know.

“I long to pick one golden flower

Where they bloom so many and fine.”

“Nay, child, would you leave this poor Mammy to  
grieve?

Stay, stay with us, Sally mine.

“Here's Ned whom you love—he is sorrowful now,  
And Nan's tears are ready to fall ;

They'll give you their daisies for kisses and praises.

Don't you care, that you'd go from us all ?”

But the sick child turns her weary head :

“I want green fields and trees,

And the scent of the hay that comes in May,

And the cool and murmuring breeze.

“I heard it once—I would hear it now—

O mother, the breeze is good !

I must sleep for a bit in the sound of it,

On that grass in the shade of the wood.”

Her fair heavy head has sunken down,  
Her eyes are closed in pain,  
But still they seem in her fevered dream  
To gaze on the fields again.

Then lengthy weeks go sadly by—  
The child-life flickers on—  
But who shall say of each passing day  
If Sall will have stayed or gone?

“O mother, mother, let me away!”  
She sobs in piteous plaint.  
To a heavenly mead her child would speed,  
And the mother’s heart grows faint.

“I cannot spare thee, my little Sal,  
I cannot spare thee yet.”  
“O mother, see there, where the flowers bloom  
fair!  
Dear mother, don’t weep or fret!”

The fierce sun beats on the window-pane,  
Through the stifling London June,  
When that child-soul wakes to its own again  
In the stillness of afternoon.

“O mother ! I’ve been to the green grass fields ;  
They are lovely and bright, ’tis true,  
But my feet ached sore ere the day was o’er,  
So I’ve come back, dear, to you.

“I’ve never a cowslip to give you, though ;  
I dropt them all on the way.  
I know you are kind—yet it was on my mind  
To make the mantel-piece gay !”

The mother dares not lift her eyes,  
For the weak voice sounds so sweet :  
Has little Sal come, straight back to her home ?  
What matter the tired feet ?

In fancy stray’d those feet away,  
Far beyond the heated town,  
Though they could not tread one inch from the  
bed  
Where Sal had laid her down.

The doctor, as he stands beside,  
Greets her with radiant smile :  
“Why, here’s a fine rally ! I see that our Sally  
Means to stay with her mother awhile.”



"But I went to the treat with the rest," she says,  
And that she will always repeat.

"It was far to get there, but the green grass is  
fair—

I went, with the rest, to the treat."

## THE FIELD-WORKERS

A LL day long we toil and labour,  
Sow or garner, delve or reap,  
Yet there comes a time, my neighbour,  
When we rest before we sleep.  
Then, and whatsoe'er the weather,  
Be it early, be it late,  
For a while we stand together,  
Lingering at my garden gate.

Oft you bring a rose or pansy—  
By *your* wall they bloom the best—  
Hearts grow soft and kind, I fancy,  
When the sun sinks in the west !  
Oft, to make good-night the surer,  
You repeat it at your door ;  
While my poor home seems the poorer,  
As I lift the latch once more.

So, you thought my life too lonely ?

Nay, God knows what's best for me.

You've one bright-haired darling only ;

See, she climbs up on my knee !

She's half mine already, (bless her !)

Say, can her dead mother mind

If I tend the child, wash, dress her ?

*She* knows that I'm not unkind.

Well, we'll marry ; take and hold it,

This brown hand as seared as yours.

Here, in this hard north, of old it

Seems we women brought such dowers.

Let us love as well as labour ;

Side by side we'll delve or reap ;

Then, when we've grown old, dear neighbour,

We may rest before we sleep !

## A CHILD-FLOWER

ONLY a sick child peering down  
At a narrow court and the world's sad  
ills;

Only a poor little pallid child,  
Holding a nosegay of daffodils.

I saw her there in her thin black gown,  
Leaning far out on the window-sill;  
And, as I look'd up with a pitiful smile,  
She smiled, and she threw me a daffodil.

Her fair hair shone like the crown of gold  
Such brave little martyrs may wear in  
heav'n,  
To whom in this cruel dark city of ours  
Sorrow and suffering are freely giv'n.

A month ago I passed down the street ;  
'Twas crowded and busy at close of day—  
But yon window was shut, and the blind was  
drawn,  
And I sighed as I went once more on my way.

## A WOMAN'S STORY

AY, 'twas thirty year ago—  
All the garden was aglow :  
Ruddy hollyhocks, red roses,  
Marigold and salvia posies,  
Stately sunflow'rs, humble pansies—  
“Heart's-ease true as little Nan's is,”  
Quoth my lover, speaking low.  
In the orchard trilled a robin.  
Ah me ! how my heart was throbbin',  
Those long happy years ago !

Well, the tale's been often told :  
Two things, pure love and pure gold,  
Do not wane with passing fashion.  
Life's cold without human passion.  
Pick me that blue pansy yonder—  
Thoughts for pansies, say you ?—fonder

Grow our thoughts as we wax old.  
Haply, as the rough path steepens,  
And our feet lag, true love deepens—  
Just because the tale's retold.

## THE EAST NEUK

'TIS a soft west wind, and no mist is in the air,  
And the herring-boats go sailing, sailing,  
sailing far away,  
Sailing fast and free  
To the mighty open sea,  
To the wide and golden east that lies shining over  
there.

On the fresh green links for a space we'll sit and  
rest,  
While the boats shoot from the pier-head and go  
sailing far away ;  
Loud their brave men cheer,  
Watching homesteads dear  
And kirk and harbour-bar slide back and faces  
loved the best.



At the red gabled roofs from our height we can  
look down,  
While beyond with silver track the boats go sailing  
far away ;  
Now only women bide  
To mind the fireside,  
And only children's voices ring within the quiet  
town.

'Mong seaweed-spread fields the barefoot lassies  
hoe,  
While the herring-boats go sailing, sailing, sailing  
far away,  
Through firth and northern seas,  
T'ward Orkney and Hebrides—  
God bless the hardy fishers who o'er stormy  
waters go !

## LARGO BAY

" I cuist my line in Largo Bay."

DOWN by the shore, on a quiet summer even,  
All is silver grey, calm sea and shelving  
sand ;  
Just a glimmering light shines over toward  
Leven,  
And a streak of azure lies on the southern land.

Through the balmy air the plover's cry falls  
shrilly,  
Mingling with the measure of the slowly rising  
tide ;  
Round the headland comes the white mist weird  
and chilly,  
Making nearness mystery, and distance yet more  
wide.

By the salmon-nets a fisherman is bending :  
Dark his boat and he in the twilight's ghostly  
charm ;  
While two lovers yonder, homeward slowly  
wending,  
O'er the grey-green links go, silent, arm-in-arm.

## FROM A WINDOW

THERE'S a prisoned blackbird over the way ;  
His cage hangs on the wall,  
And his horizon small  
Shows him the London brickwork night and day.

And yet he sings, ah ! he gaily sings,  
Of green lanes, of green trees,  
The sun, the summer breeze,  
A summer love, and all delightful things.

So we—though cruelly held and tied—  
Within our songs may weave  
That which we love, believe,  
Or hope, or dream, and all sweet thoughts beside.

## MOTHER'S VISION

A LITTLE child's face, at the dead of night,  
That comes to me, enwrapt in wondrous  
light,

A little child's fair presence that doth seem  
Gladly familiar—ah, my heart, I dream,  
I dream, alas ! I dream.

A little child's step that, with hasty tread,  
Crosses the floor—a touch upon my bed—  
Bright wide blue eyes that never learned to weep,  
A red mouth laughing—ah, my heart, I sleep,  
I sleep, alas ! I sleep.

A little child's kiss—now a murmured sigh,  
A word almost—nay, this is not good-bye ;  
I cannot spare thee ! not for thy dear sake,  
Nor mine, nor any—ah, my heart, I wake,  
I wake, alas ! I wake !

## HER LAST LETTER

'TIS but a line, a hurried scrawl,  
And little seem the words to say,  
Yet hold me in reproachful thrall :  
    “You quarrelled with me yesterday ;  
    To-morrow you'll be sad.”

Ay, “you'll be sad,” the words are few,  
And yet they pierce my soul with pain ;  
Ay, “you'll be sad,” the words are true ;  
    They haunt me with prophetic strain :  
    “To-morrow you'll be sad.”

We quarrelled—and for what? A word,  
An idle speech that jarred the ear,  
And thus in wrath our pulses stirr'd ;  
    Then came her letter : “Dear, my dear,  
    To-morrow you'll be sad.”

Writ half in mirth, half in regret,  
Last words that she should ever write,  
Learn'd long ago, and yet, and yet,  
Fraught with new pain to ear and sight :  
"To-morrow you'll be sad."

## AN OLD BOOK

A N old torn book, with one pale rose  
Crushed in its yellow pages :  
I have not held it in my hand,  
Nor read it thus, for ages.

Nay, formerly, the print was good ;  
Or else mine eyes were better,  
For now they're full of tears—too full  
To see a single letter !



## MORNING

FLY away unto the sun,  
O thou early-rising lark !  
Fly o'er meadow, moor, and park,  
Now the day has just begun,  
While such idle folk as I  
On their downy pillows lie.

Fly away unto the north,  
O thou brown-sailed fisher boat,  
That so merrily dost float  
On the silver-crested Forth !  
While such foolish folk as I  
At the window stand and sigh.

Fly away unto the clouds,  
O my sorrow-laden thought !  
There, perchance, shalt thou be wrought  
Into rain or misty shrouds ;  
While such lonely folk as I  
From their aching hearts outcry.

## IN THE WOODS

I LOVE to roam in the woods  
When the green leaves are dying,  
I love to roam in the woods  
Where the brown leaves are lying,  
And see the wild dove on the wing,  
And hear the tuneful robin sing :

“’Tis autumn, ’tis autumn, ’tis golden autumn now,  
But soon cometh winter, with cold winds and  
snow.”

I love to roam in the woods  
When the dead leaves are falling,  
I love to roam in the woods  
Where the wood-nymphs are calling,  
And hear the chant of goblin men  
Who gather fuel in the glen :

“’Tis autumn, ’tis autumn, ’tis golden autumn now,  
But soon cometh winter, with cold winds and  
snow.”

## DOUBTING

NAY, do not ask me once again,  
Thy very doubting gives me pain ;  
Have I not said ? (and, while I speak,  
Here's hand on hand, and cheek on cheek—)  
Dear heart, I love thee.

And yet, thy doubt to love allied  
Is sweet, so sweet I dare not chide.  
Cease not thy love, cease not thy doubt ;  
O child, I could not live without !  
Dear heart, I love thee.

For love's not love that dreads no ill,  
And doubt like this means loving still,  
And both together fill thy heart,  
To make thee lovely as thou art ;  
Dear heart, I love thee.

## LOVER'S THOUGHTS

### I

MAKE me a flower-bed like a heart,  
Plant a white lily therein,  
Fence it with heart's-ease and lavender,  
Just for the faith that I have in her  
Whom one day I may win.

There shall my lily be shrined apart,  
Fragrant with love and grace,  
For thus, in the pleasaunce fair of my thought  
Sweet-garlanded, tenderly, purely wrought,  
Shines out my lady's face.

### II

Dear, when I protest  
I'll give you leave to doubt me ;  
My silence fears no test,  
My life may speak without me.

Those whose love's least true  
Most often seek to show it ;  
My love's so great for you,  
I care not you should know it.

## III

Dear eyes so loving and so true,  
I know not which is dearer,  
The truth within those wells of blue,  
Or love that shines yet clearer ;  
For love on truth alone doth thrive and feed,  
And truth begets the love that's love indeed.

## IV

What are my darling's eyes? They are blue as  
wild cornflowers.  
What are my darling's looks? They are soft as  
summer hours.  
What are my darling's lips? They are red as  
autumn roses.  
What are my darling's smiles? They are sweet as  
springtide posies.

What are my darling's thoughts? They are pure  
as lambs in fold.

What is my darling's heart? 'Tis a treasure of  
pearl and gold.

What is my darling's soul? 'Tis a shrine where  
angels sing.

What is my darling's love? 'Tis a kingdom where  
I am king.

## V

If love might keep thee young, my sweet,  
Then shouldst thou be immortal ;  
Thou shouldst not age with years or grief,  
Nor pass through death's grim portal.

If love might keep thee fair, my sweet,  
No Grace should be so peerless ;  
Thy locks should never blanch with time,  
Thine eyes grow dim or cheerless.

But love can do no more than this :  
In life to love thee ever,  
And when thou diest love thee still,  
And cease from loving never !

## VI

Once I was heart-sick, laden with such grief  
I called on Death to ease me of my sorrow ;  
He answered not—but Love came on the morrow,  
And he, who'd wounded, gave my soul relief.

## VII

As is one star, seen in a dark and murky sky ;  
As is one flower that blooms upon a barren lea ;  
As is a well of water, when all springs are dry ;  
As is a ship, hail'd by a drowning soul at sea ;  
As is the dawn unto the sick and ill at ease ;  
As is sweet sleep to them that sad and weary be ;  
As in the desert is a kind and gentle breeze—  
So is thy love, my love, through all my life to me !

FROM "THE APOSTLE OF  
THE ARDENNES"

GAY BY THE ORCHARD

FORTH from the forest,  
Forth comes the west wind.  
Hark how the branches  
Murmur and quiver,  
Quiver and whisper,  
Deep in the forest !

Forth from the mountain,  
Forth comes the tempest,  
Rolling and raging,  
Bringing the snow-drift,  
Bringing the grey mist,  
High from the mountain.



Down by the orchard,  
Rides my belovèd,  
Home from the battle,  
Shining in armour,  
Singing a love-song,  
Gay by the orchard.

## THREE KING'S-DAUGHTERS

THREE King's-daughters sat on the green.  
(With a hey, my heart, and a hey derry down.)  
They were the fairest that ever were seen—  
(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)  
They sat and sang through the summer day,  
And two were sad, but the third was gay—  
(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)

Three brave warriors came riding by,  
(With a hey, my heart, and a hey derry down.)  
On their milk-white steeds they all drew nigh—  
(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)  
Then each he kneeled on the grassy floor,  
And two said much, but the third said more—  
(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)

Six wild swans flew across the lea,  
(With a hey, my heart, and a hey derry down.)

Over the hills and beyond the sea—  
(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)

And three brave steeds were left on the green,  
But the king's fair daughters were never more  
seen—

(With a hey, my heart, and a ho.)

## IS IT JOY, OR IS IT GRIEF?

**I**S it joy, or is it grief,  
When Love holds my heart in fief?

Joy is close akin to pain ;  
Scarce might any count the gain.

Pain is near akin to pleasure—  
Who would stay to weigh the measure?

## SPINNING SONG

YEAR in and year out,  
Here I sit and mind my wheel.  
Life is but a turning reel,  
Life is but an earthen clout,  
Life is but a flaxen thread  
Woven for a funeral bed—  
Year out and year in,  
Sit I at my wheel and spin.

## MAIDENS' LAMENT

“WAIL, wail for her whom Death and Sleep  
Have ta'en by either hand, to keep  
Henceforth in caverns dark and deep !

“To her no red rose-wreaths ye bear ;  
Her captive shade must ever wear  
Death's poppies grey on breast and hair.

“Her life three golden threads had spun—  
Youth, Love, and Hope—three threads in one ;  
Now Atropos hath all undone.

“Wail, sisters ! where she wanders pale  
Our longing arms and voices fail.  
Weep, maidens, weep ! Wail, sisters, wail !”

Then lapsed the grief to silence for a breath ;  
But next, from further distance—like the sob  
Of storm through moonlit oleander groves,  
When every bush or tree in turn gives voice,  
Till soon the forest rocks itself and moans—  
Gathered the murmur of unquiet pain :

“ Night hath fallen on my heart  
Since I saw my queen depart—  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Kindle dawn and sunset burn !  
She shall never more return—  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Nevermore, O nevermore !  
She hath oped Death's iron door—  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Went she singing through the way,  
As a bride on marriage day?  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Could ye not have held her close?  
So the thorn-boughs shrine a rose—  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Ivy, yew, and cypress tree,  
Weep for her and weep for me !  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*)

“ Night hath fallen on my heart  
Since I saw my queen depart—  
(*Vale, vale, Floriban !*) ”



## CHAUNT OF THE PILGRIMS

SOLDIER of Christ, arise !  
The dark night falls,  
The bugle calls !

And past these dusky woods and meres,  
Beyond the hills, from silver spheres  
That vibrate in the shadowy skies,  
Thy King, thy Master, calls.

Himself has led the way  
O'er crumbling bridge  
And rocky ridge,  
Himself with bleeding feet has tried  
The fastness of the mountain side.  
Fight on, ere comes the dawn of day—  
Thou too shalt win the ridge !

Soldier of Christ, stand fast !

Before thee looms the foe—

Death's vale below—

Yet shrink not, fail not. Storm the height,

Let strength and might defend the right !

Behold victorious day at last,

And at thy feet the foe !

FROM "A VENETIAN  
BALCONY"

"IL MARE MI CHIAMA"

THE sea is calling, calling,  
I hear the sound far away ;  
The ripples are rising and falling,  
Tide-like, on my heart all day,  
With a voice so sweet and thralling  
That I cannot say it nay.

O ! for the sight of the wide lagoon,  
When it thrills at touch of a summer moon,  
With the great *Salute's* shining dome—  
A lamp at the gate of home.

And O ! for the echo on Lido's shore  
Of the grey Adriatic's sullen roar,  
And the tender blue which sunset throws  
On our Euganean hills,

While the Grand Canal is a path of rose,  
And the watery mist with radiance fills,  
And the mighty palaces loom pale  
Like battlements in a fairy tale.

And O ! for the cry of the gondolier  
As his *sandolo* glides to my window near.

The sea is calling me loudly ;  
I may not sit idle and still.  
You talk of your farm-lands, proudly,  
Of the track of the plough on the hill,  
Of meadows green and of hopfields,  
Of what every acre and crop yields ;  
Of the apple-trees that heavily lurch  
O'er hedgerows fair to tempt boys from church ;  
Of horses you ride, and flocks you drive,  
And grazing kine thick as bees in a hive.  
But I need Venice.

My Venice I want,  
Though her *calli* are narrow and food is scant.  
I weep, I pine, yea I ache, I long,  
For one glimpse of her squalor, one lilt of her  
song;

I sigh for her sadly as day-hours pass,  
And at night I'm a lover who dreams of his lass.

She is surely a wondrous maiden,  
Her fair face colour-laden,  
A pomegranate bud at the ear;  
    A smiling mouth ;  
About her neck the sea-shells rare ;  
Her tresses damp from the warm salt air  
And spiced with the perfume of the South—  
    Such perfume you know not here.

I cannot sit me idly and still ;  
The Venetian seas moan sadly ;  
    The *Frari* bells,  
    Like long farewells,  
Float over the waters shallow and chill,  
And my heart leaps madly  
To do fierce battle against my will.

Sometimes, when twilight shrouds this place,  
    I dream,  
And in my dream my swift feet seem

To bear me hence apace  
 Through space  
 Unto the *Piassa*. It is night.  
 Scarce in the arcade glimmers one poor light;  
 No creature's visible. I, ghostlike, go  
 Across the flagstones silently and slow,  
 And reach San Marco's heavy-curtained door,  
 And lift the cloth, and tread the well-known floor  
 Once more,  
 The gorgeous floor, waved like a shifting sea,  
 Inlaid with lapis and with porphyry,  
 Lit by the shimmering cross which hangs mid-line  
 'Twixt ground and dome—a jewel set in shrine.  
 And there I kneel, till strange Byzantine saints  
 From golden roofs look down, whisp'ring: "She  
 faints, she faints."

No, no—I breathe.

Ah see! I'll pull the pane  
 Of this small English shutter and look out.  
 'Tis twilight yet, and here and there about  
 The farmsteads blink, their lanterns blurred with  
 rain,

And sudden o'er the meadow comes a shout  
From English lads and girls—a merry train.

But O ! for the cry of the gondolier,  
As his *sandolo* glides to my window near.

The sea is calling, calling—  
The swallows are bound for its shore—  
Warm night is falling, falling,  
On the *Riva* I'll tread no more.  
O Sea ! O South ! In my heart  
Ye are shrined as pearls in shell;  
We have parted, we still are apart,  
But I know and I feel your spell.  
*Venezia*, my princess enthralling,  
*Benedeta*, fair queen of the sea !  
When thou and the sea are both calling,  
What matters the Northland to me ?

## VENETIAN SPELL.

O SPELL of dawn !

From opal skies a roseate mist floats out,  
And slowly wraps the towers and domes about.  
All Venice sleeps—nay, yonder a black barge  
Slides to the open from the dusky marge.

O spell of silence !

Peace of mind and soul—the splash of oars,  
Perchance a distant bell from island shores ;  
Upon the glassy stillness of the mere  
No other sound to vex a fretful ear.

O spell of age !

Historic scenes and names and memories  
Are bulwarks of the city in the seas ;  
Each palace is a book, a scroll each wall—  
The sculptured poems hold our hearts in thrall.



O spell of night !

First wanness, then the blue, then sudden dark ;  
Quiv'ring reflection from each tiny spark ;  
The water makes a mirror for the moon,  
The heavens become a star-beflecked lagoon.

O spell of beauty !

Like the goddess of grey legend-lore,  
Cypris or Hulda, sung in runes of yore,  
She—Venice—binds men with a magic chain—  
Her slaves, that gave an hour, through life remain.

## THE LEGEND OF THE "BOCOLO"

THERE lived a high-born maid in ancient time,  
Who loved a minstrel famed for song and  
rhyme.

*(Venice was young.)*

Because of him her dark eyes flashed and burned,  
Because of her his heart in sorrow yearned.

*(O fair red rose of Love !)*

He was so lowly-born they might not wed—  
"Seek then the King of France," the maiden said.

*(Venice was young.)*

"Earn thou a soldier's glory in the field,  
So may my father to our pleading yield."

*(O fair red rose of Love !)*

Thus, at her bidding, went the troubadour,  
Forthwith enrolled to fight the paynim Moor ;

*(Venice was young.)*

And soon from France the praises of him rang—  
Tancred, the warrior brave, who sweetly sang.

*(O fair red rose of Love !)*

Southward at last came bands from Charlemayne,  
Led by the peerless Roland and his train,

*(Venice was young.)*

And he sought out the maid. With tears, he  
sighed :

"Tancred is dead ; clasped in my arms he died.

*(O fair red rose of Love !)*

"He breathed thy name. A rose-tree nigh he fell,  
And plucked this flower for her he loved so well.

*(Venice was young.)*

How blest art thou, by him held dear and true—  
The noblest soul that Roland ever knew."

*(O fair red rose of Love !)*

The maiden spake not. Cold and white as snow,  
She wept no tear, she gave no sign of woe.

*(Venice was young.)*

The next day dawned (St. Mark's), in death she  
lay,

And on her heart was found the rose, they say.

*(O fair red rose of Love!)*

Since, on San Marco's morn, each year again,  
For memory of those hapless lovers twain,

*(Venice was young.)*

Venetian youths, their ardent hearts to show,  
A rosebud on the maid they court bestow.

*(O fair red rose of Love!)*

## BARCAROL

**I**N the June-tide, in the June-tide,  
In the sweet and summer noon-tide,  
From Murano,  
From Burano,  
And from far high-towered Torcello,  
Come the wherries,  
Filled with cherries,  
Flaunting sails of russet yellow,  
Floating onward, silent, gliding  
As by magic measure sliding,  
Drifting o'er the silver sea.

In the June-tide, in the June-tide,  
In the sweet and summer noon-tide,  
When a certain boatman ferries  
Venice-ward his freight of cherries—  
Marco's on his way to me.

## MALCONTENTA

ON the calm banks of the Brenta  
Stands an ancient house alone,  
Known to all as "Malcontenta"—  
Sombre monument of stone.  
On the silent river Brenta  
Stands the house of Malcontenta.

By a vineyard closely bounded  
Rise the grey walls desolate ;  
Grasses have the steps surrounded,  
Sedges cluster at the gate.  
On the green banks of the Brenta  
Stands the house of Malcontenta.

Still the courtly stair invites us,  
Though no balustrade remains,  
And the columned shade delights us  
With its view of peaceful plains.

On the low banks of the Brenta  
Stands the house of Malcontenta

Was she young and fair of feature,  
Heiress in the long ago,  
She—the wild and wilful creature  
Who would bid the world to know  
That her soul was *malcontenta*  
On the calm banks of the Brenta?

Caring naught—so runs the story—  
For the palace or the land,  
Naught, perchance, for gold and glory  
Brimming full her maiden hand,  
As she gazed beyond the Brenta  
And the house of Malcontenta.

Did she meet the French King's splendour,  
Stately, down her frescoed hall,  
While her eyes grew sad and tender  
For some distant lover's thrall?  
Ay, the angered folk of Brenta  
Named the great house : Malcontenta.

What if she was hard and grasping,  
Vain and changeful in her mind,  
Proud of race, with accents rasping,  
Manners rude, and deeds unkind ?  
Well—as we glide down the Brenta  
We forgive poor Malcontenta.

Centuries ago—tradition

Of the maid tells only this :  
Lightly held she high position,  
Power to her had come amiss.  
And the grey house on the Brenta  
Keeps the name of “ Malcontenta.”



## SONG OF THE VINEYARDS

AND one has lavished pearl and gold,  
And one has offered wealth untold.  
*(The wild bird sings apart.)*

And one has brought me for my dower  
A ruddy red pomegranate flower—  
*(O lover of my heart!)*

And one is lord of all the town,  
And one may wear a jewelled crown.  
*(The wild bird sings apart.)*  
And one owns but a grassy mead,  
Where kingcups blow, and white lambs feed—  
*(O lover of my heart!)*

And one a prancing charger rides,  
And one a gilded chariot guides.  
*(The wild bird sings apart.)*  
And one, beside the willow-tree,  
Would breathe his last for need of me—  
*(O lover of my heart!)*

## FROM "GODFREY'S QUEST"

### THE SHEPHERD GIRL'S SONG

DANCE and prance, my merry sheep !  
Leap, my pretty lambkins, leap !  
Where the wild thyme and white clover  
Carpet fields and hillocks over,  
Where the broad and verdant alleys  
Go a-winding to the valleys—  
Dance and prance, my merry sheep !  
Leap, my pretty lambkins, leap !

Curvet, turn, and skip for joy,  
Pretty lambs, in happy ploy !  
Whilst I on my pipe am fluting,  
Echo's gentlest nymphs recruiting,  
And the singing runnel passes  
Through the osiers and tall grasses—  
Curvet, turn, and skip for joy,  
Pretty lambs, in happy ploy !

Rest at ease and feed at peace,  
Simple sheep of snowy fleece !  
Feed at peace and sleep at leisure,  
Sunshine, moonshine, light your pleasure !  
By my crook and care enfolden,  
In your velvet pasture holden—  
Rest at ease and feed at peace,  
Sheep and lambs of snowy fleece !

## LITTLE BOY BABY

LITTLE boy baby,  
Little baby boy,  
Thou art my darling,  
Thou art my joy.

Sweet, cling thou closer  
To breast or knee,  
So I can tell thee  
What was once told to me.

High in the sky  
There waits a white star,  
Till Lady Moon  
Mounts in her car.

There baby clouds  
Dance round in a ring;  
From lofty tree-tops  
The wild birds sing.

Sighing tree-branches  
Call to the moon :  
“ Prithee climb here to us,  
Shine on us soon.”

Rocking tree-branches  
Shout through the air :  
“ We guard the forest ;  
Who goes there ? ”

Says the moon to the town-folk :  
“ Put out your light ;  
I am come to play watchman.  
Good-night, good-night ! ”

LAST NIGHT, AS I WALKED IN  
THE BLUE MOONLIGHT

LAST night, as I walked in the blue moon-  
light,

I heard the forest birds sing,  
And one wailed : " Alas ! for my heart's sore with  
grief,

I have seen a so pitiful thing :  
A brave bonny ship and a dark cruel reef——"  
But another piped : " Nay, I must home to my  
mate ;  
She is lone in the nest, and the hour groweth late."

Last night, as I stood on the broad grey moor,  
I heard the plovers' wild cry,  
And one mourned : " Alas ! for the ship and the  
crew

That sailed to the north star to die ;  
A ship and her crew, all good men and true——"

But another shrieked : "Nay, there's green grass  
on the leas,  
And the keen wind blows sweet from storm-laden  
seas."

Last night, I could hear by the garden's low wall  
The house-martins twitter and cheep ;  
And one moaned : "Alas ! for the women who  
crowd

To the pierhead to shudder and weep.  
Yon ship is a grave, and her sail is a shroud——"  
But another chirped : "Under the thatch I lie warm,  
And my young ones and I will keep safe from all  
harm."

## THE BIRD SELLER

PARROTS, linnets, finches,  
See my motley throng !  
Talking birds  
For merry words,  
And singing birds for song.

Pretty birds of every feather,  
Fit and ripe for cage or tether,  
Conures, lories, and hoopoes,  
Rosy-crested cockatoos—  
Hark to the canaries  
With their musical vagaries !

Parrots, linnets, finches,  
Here's my motley throng !  
Talking birds—  
For merry words,  
And singing birds for song.



Redhead tells us verses,  
Bluewing screams out curses,  
Scarletbeak is wondrous tame,  
Just the toy to please a dame,  
Longtail carols day and night through,  
Knowing that he must delight you.

Parrots, linnets, finches,  
See my motley throng !  
Talking birds  
For merry words,  
And singing birds for song.

## THE WATER-CRESS SELLER

WHO'LL buy my watercress? fresh and  
cool—

Gathered at dawn in a crystal pool—

Near the river a-glimmer

With quiver and shimmer—

Come buy my watercress, fresh and cool !

There—where the moor-hen builds her nest,

There—where the nixie creeps to rest,

Where the kingfisher darts like a flash for his  
prey,

And the heron skims low on his stately way,

Where green flags rock on a lake of gold,

And fields of forget-me-not buds unfold—

Near the river a-glimmer

With quiver and shimmer—

'Twas gathered at dawn in a crystal pool—

Watercress, watercress, fresh and cool !

Who'll buy my watercress, fresh and cool?

## THE HURDY-GURDY PLAYER

O MY heart is fain, wheresoe'er I go,  
For the hills of ice, and the fields of snow,  
For the watery plumes that tumble and flow  
Toward pastures green in our vales below—  
*V'là v'là, j'suis un pauvre vieux !*  
*Hé, mon gentil singe, allons !*  
*Viens danser un peu !*

O my heart is fain and my heart is sore  
For the torrent's rush and the fir-woods' roar,  
For the wintry nights with their elfin lore,  
And the children's faces I'll see no more—  
*V'là v'là, j'suis un pauvre vieux !*  
*Hé, mon gentil singe, allons !*  
*Viens danser un peu !*

## THE BALLAD OF MARIKA

MARIKA goes into the garden—  
Marika the fair—

Her eyes are like onyx for swarthness,  
And blue-black her hair ;  
Her voice is like rippling of water,  
Or sighing of trees ;  
Her voice is as sweet as the honey  
Of mountain-bred bees.

Marika goes into the garden—  
Marika the fair—

She stays not for scarlet pomegranate  
Aflame in warm air,  
For myrtle, or fig-tree, or almond,  
Or apple that glows,  
But lingers to 'broider her kerchief  
In shade of the rose.

On the bush of red rose is a songster,  
A nightingale sweet.  
“Come, strike we a bargain, Marika :  
My wings and my feet  
If yours be the song that is sweeter.  
If mine prove more rare,  
You shall give unto me for due portion  
The wealth of your hair.”

They sang till the day fell to evening,  
They sang the night long ;  
And sweet was the nightingale's ditty,  
Yet sweeter the song  
That Marika sang there in the garden—  
Marika the fair,  
Whose eyes are like onyx for swartheness,  
And blue-black her hair.

Then pleaded the bird : “O Marika—  
Marika the fair—  
Prithee clip not my feet nor my pinions !  
Have mercy, and spare !  
At home are my three pretty fledglings,  
I fain would keep two ;  
But let me away and I'll promise  
The youngest to you.”

“ Away then, thou brown-feathered songster,  
    With carol so sweet !  
Now grace will I give thee, and pardon  
    Of wings and of feet ;  
Yet twain of thy babes shalt thou bring me  
    From out thine own nest—  
Yea, one in the dawn to awake me,  
    One to lull me to rest.” \*

\* A Bulgarian legend.

## GLEANERS' HYMN

NOW is done the harvest and the gleaning,  
And the workers, from the fields  
Learn their autumn lesson, and the meaning  
That the reaper's sickle yields :

In the golden plain of sunset seeing  
Ransom of wide-scattered rays,  
For the sheaves of heav'n are surely being  
Garnered from far-distant ways.

When that we lie stricken by the keener  
Scythe of Reaper Asrael,  
May the Lord in mercy send a gleaner  
Lest we wither where we fell !

MY LOVE, HE CAME  
A-COURTING ME

MY love he came a-courting me  
In the blossom of the year :  
“The leaves are young upon the tree,  
And wilt thou be my dear?”

My love he came a-courting me  
Betwixt a smile and tear :  
“The cowslip buds are on the lea,  
'Tis the blossom of the year.”



## O THERE'S MANY A WEALTHY LADY

O THERE'S many a wealthy lady to be met  
with in the land,  
And of noble maids you'll haply count a score,  
*But on this our village green I am blithe to take  
my stand,  
And pledge my dainty darling o'er and o'er :  
With a one, two, and three—  
Whatso'er the others be,  
The girl I love is just the girl for me.*

There be troops of merry damsels who come  
within our sight,  
And some are sweet of voice and fair of face.  
See the melting eyes of blue, and gleams from  
dusky night,  
And a hundred forms of beauty and of grace !

*But on this our village green I am blithe to take  
my stand,*

*And pledge my dainty darling o'er and o'er :*

*With a one, two, and three—*

*Whatsoe'er the others be,*

*The girl I love is just the girl for me.*

She holds her head as high as an empress may in  
scorn,

When she trips, gaily trips, upon her way ;

Her laughter's like the river, her smile is like the  
morn,

Her hair is like the yellow fields in May.

*So on this our village green I am blithe to take my  
stand,*

*And pledge my dainty darling o'er and o'er :*

*With a one, two, and three—*

*Whatsoe'er the others be,*

*The girl I love is just the girl for me.*

## I'VE A BRIGHT SILVER CROWN

I'VE a bright silver crown, so I'll ride to the  
town,

And what shall I bring back to you, O my dear?

And what shall I bring back to you?

There's Nan wants a fan,  
And Mat a fine hat,  
And Jane a gold chain,  
And Poll a new doll—

But what shall I bring back to you, O my dear?

A jewel to hang at your ear, at your ear,

Or a kirtle of crimson or blue?

“You shall bring me a kiss, and a posy like this,

And a message of love for my ear, for my ear,

To tell me you're faithful and true, O my dear!

To tell me you're faithful and true.”

BLEST ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT

*BLEST are the poor in spirit; unto them is  
given,*

*With mercy to the merciful, the kingdom of God's  
heaven;*

*There shall the maimed grow whole, the blind again  
shall see,*

*While from our eyes all tears are wiped, for there  
no grief can be.*



## NOTES

*" So the fortieth of the band  
Yet shall stand."—PAGE 21.*

" ONE has fallen from his crown ; I may attain to it.'  
In half an hour more he himself stood on the frozen  
pool, a confessor among the other confessors."  
—BARING-GOULD, " Lives of the Saints."

*" Thus his mother found the lad.  
Yet was glad."—PAGE 22.*

" Melithon still lived, and smiled faintly upon her. ' Oh,  
son of my bosom, how glad am I to see thee offer to Christ  
the last remains of thy life ! ' "  
—" Lives of the Saints."

*" Foreshadowing how himself must follow  
soon."—PAGE 51.*

St. Benedict's death took place forty days after that of  
his sister.

*... " To them that give  
Much love, shall God grant much."—PAGE 52.*

Said by St. Gregory of Scholastica.

*"An ancient pile that towers among the hills."*—PAGE 52.

The Benedictine Monastery at Perugia.

(The late Dr. Haig Brown, Master of the Charterhouse, on the publication of my volume "The prayer of St. Scholastica," kindly sent me his own translation of the Latin inscription at Monte Cassino on the tomb of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica.—

"Scholastica and Benedict to earth  
Together came, the children of one birth.  
Together in devotion to their Lord,  
Together to their native heaven restored,  
Together in this tomb their bodies lie  
Relics safe-guarded for Eternity.")

*"A Violin-Maker in the North."*—PAGE 53.

It was a miner of Largoward, in Fife, who brought the author two or three of the excellent violins which he himself had made.

*"Wail, wail for her."*—PAGE 173.

Floriban was, according to history, the beloved wife of St. Hubert (seventh century).

*"How blest art thou, by him held dear and true."*—PAGE 186.

"Ecco il fiore, O benedetta fra le donne, O fortunata, che foste amata dalla più grande anima che Orlando abbia conosciuto."

—Popular Narrative.

"*Malcontenta*."—PAGE 189.

"Finest of the villas on the Brenta," says Augustus Hare, "and really grand and stately in its desolation, is *Malcontenta*, its noble portico reflected in the still water. It is said to derive its name from a discontented heiress, never satisfied, even when her father built this palace to gratify her desire."

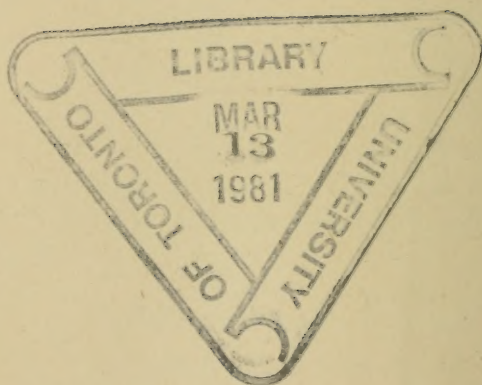
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